THIRD WORLD CRISIS RICHARD CRITCHFIELD

THE NATION

JUNE 26, 1976 50 cents

Woodstock No. 230099

WHAT THE FBI KNEW BUT HID FROM HISS AND THE COURT

John Lowenthal

Running Against Washington

REVERSE ENGLISH OF WATERGATE

Rep. Bob Eckhardt

The Puritans: A Revised View/Ormond Seavey

JUN 21 1976

8-77
The Sherrod Library
Periodicals Dept.
E.Tennessee St. Univ
Johnson City, Tn. 37601
AG

ETSU LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

Global Gall

It takes colossal nerve and an impenetrable skin to behave as Secretary of State Kissinger did in Chile last week. He was able to rise to his feet before a meeting of Latin Americans at the Organization of American States meeting in Santiago and tell the Chilean hosts and the rest of his audience that the United States, as represented by him, condemned the violation of human rights. He uttered those pieties knowing full well that within gunshot range of the hall where he spoke the brutal Pinochet regime was continuing to violate every standard of human decency. He knew about it because American "intelligence" agents had a strong hand, directed by Kissinger, in installing the present brutal military dictatorship in Chile. By all believable accounts, they are still at work there—this time "stabilizing" the Pinochet junta (though there are reports that we are looking for a less tainted successor dictatorship), as against the "destabilizing" that led to the overthrow of the elected government of the late Salvador Allende.

Kissinger even had the gall to stand there and tell the OAS that the United States favored an increase in the staff and budget of its Inter-American Human Rights Commission. The commission has been trying for years to get the OAS to listen to its findings on the systematic and extraordinarily widespread abuses of human rights throughout much of Latin America. Finally, it got a hearing and officially reported what was already well known—that the Chilean Government was guilty of "arbitrary jailings, persecutions and tortures." (The commission also issued a report on the "cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment" of political prisoners in Castro's Cuba, which earned it an editorial accolade for even-handedness from *The New York Times* of June 13.)

Political persecutions are contemptible whether they happen in authoritarian systems of the Left or the Right. But this country is in a strikingly different moral posture when it comes to criticism of Cuba or against any of the other Latin American dictatorships. It might be said that the United States is indirectly responsible for Castro in that our operations in Cuba since 1898 established the conditions for an authoritarian takeover from the Left.

For the rest of the Latin American dictatorships we bear at least a share of a different kind of responsibility. They suffered, though at a further remove, from the same kind of negligent exploitation as Cuba did at American hands, but most of their military dictatorships are of the Right and therefore, by the lights of Kissinger, are acceptable. In fact, we have schooled many of their military chiefs, who easily turn into dictators, in our military and police academies. Under Kissinger, our postwar policy of beefing up the police and military—a kind of anti-Communist "innocence abroad"—has become something else. It has been systematized in the interests of what Kissinger likes to call "world order," which really means that we are at ease with right-wing police regimes dependent on us for arms and economic support. We have done everything we can to make such governments possible and then to buttress them against any kind of democratic opposition. Even as Kissinger spoke, his words were being drained of all meaning by the act of a group of American and Canadian banks, clearly encouraged by Secretary of the Treasury Simon, in granting a $125 million loan to the Chilean regime—a loan that violates all political and financial sense.

It is against that background that the words of Kissinger in Santiago must be read. They are pure *pro forma*, an insincere echo of an era when our professions of morality had at least a plausible claim to be worth hearing. Writing in the June 13th *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, Richard Gott, under the ominous headline "Kissinger's Murderous Stability," sketches a sinister picture in which he relates the current epidemic of political assassinations in Latin America to "Operation Phoenix" in Vietnam. The connection in Gott's story, or perhaps it should be called an imputation, is that the current murder wave south of the border bears the same stamp as did the CIA-funded political murders carried out by the Saigon regime against its political enemies. This charge is at present unprovable, but it is significant that the *Guardian*, a newspaper not given to sensational or unreliable reporting, saw fit to print it.

In any case, it is certain that Kissinger's mere presence in Santiago gave a sort of blessing to that country's loathsome regime and, by extension, to all of the other military regimes of the Southern Hemisphere with the exception, of course, of Cuba's. And Castro's influence will ultimately be only strengthened by this kind of American behavior.

Bloody Birthday

The Pinochet regime, presumably grateful for the economic and political favors described above, is sending the American people the perfect Chilean birthday gift for our Bicentennial: a torture chamber.

On July 4, more than 200 sailing ships from some thirty-five countries will enter New York harbor and cruise up the Hudson as a picturesque tribute to America's birth. Among the most handsome will be the *Esmeralda*, a four-masted, 353-foot craft that serves as a training ship for the Chilean Navy. It also served as a prison

LITERARY EDITOR

Emile Capouya, who has served as Literary Editor of *The Nation* since 1970, is resigning his post in order to have more time for writing. He will maintain his association with this journal as Contributing Editor.

Elizabeth Pochoda, who succeeds Mr. Capouya, has written on literary subjects for *The New York Times, The Village Voice, The New Republic, MS.* and Condé Nast publications as well as for various journals, among them *The Massachusetts Review* and *Twentieth Century Literature*. She has taught medieval and contemporary literature at both New York University and Temple University in Philadelphia. The editors take great pleasure in welcoming her to the staff.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and torture center in Valparaiso following the September 11, 1973 coup. According to testimony collected by private sources and by the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights of the OAS, hundreds of political prisoners suffered nightmarish treatment—electric shock, beatings, burnings, sleep deprivation, sexual assault, etc.—on the *Esmeralda*. In a particularly horrifying deposition, one man described how he was forced to grind salt into the wounds that covered another prisoner's back.

Frank Braynard, head of the private group (with some government funding) that is sponsoring the July 4th flotilla, recently excused the *Esmeralda*'s presence, saying he hoped for a "people-to-people effort" that would avoid "the political." And people there will certainly be. An enormous holiday crowd will cry its huzzahs from small boats and the shore, and a worldwide TV audience will look in by satellite. But unless Braynard or the powers that be decline Chile's detestable presence, the breezes off the Palisades will carry to nearby onlookers the stench of blood that still stains the *Esmeralda*'s decks, the hands of our leaders, and the "freedom" they are so cynically celebrating.

California: the Senate Races

The June 8th Senatorial primaries in California prove once again that elections can be extremely interesting without being particularly significant. Dr. S.I. Hayakawa, who prefers to be known in the political arena as Sam, won the Republican nomination by a comfortable but not overwhelming margin. "Sam in his tam" is a familiar figure in California, particularly in the Northern part of the state where he did better than in the South, because of his tough stand against student demonstrators at San Francisco State. He will be 70 next month, has never previously run for public office, and switched his registration from Democratic to Republican only three years ago. A darling of the Right, although he did not endorse Reagan, Hayakawa was opposed by Robert Finch, former Lieutenant Governor, former head of HEW and a popular figure in Republican circles for the last two decades; by Rep. Alphonzo Bell, an eight-term respected member of Congress, and by John L. Harmer, a Reagan backer of the far or farther Right. The combined Finch-Bell vote—both men represent what might be termed "moderate" Republicanism—was enough to have defeated Hayakawa.

On the other hand, Harmer drew roughly 9 per cent of the vote, a segment that might otherwise have gone to Sam. Bell, a man of considerable wealth, spent $681,752 of his own money; Finch is said to have raised $482,000, but to have spent considerably more. Sam, be it noted, had only a modest budget and spent not a dime on television although he really didn't need to since he has had maximum TV exposure in the past. A possible key to the vote, which represented a fairly

Notice to Our Readers

The Nation will begin its summer schedule with the next issue. It will be dated July 3-10.

IN THIS ISSUE

June 26, 1976

EDITORIALS

770

ARTICLES

773 Running Against Washington: Reverse English of Watergate — *Rep. Bob Eckhardt*

776 Woodstock No. 230099: What the FBI Knew and Hid — *John Lowenthal*

782 When the Cultural Ties Snap: Explosive Third World Cities — *Richard Critchfield*

785 Clinics, Toilets & Black Management: Health Care in the Rural South — *Scott & Susan Graber*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

789 Bercovitch: The Puritan Origins of the American Self — *Ormond Seavey*

790 Lowe: Lost Chicago — *Melvin Buxbaum*

791 The Flying Stars, The Terrible White Rose (poem) — *Naomi Lazard*

792 Smith: Smith's Montreal — *William Borders*

792 Morning Song (poem) — *Grace Schulman*

794 Chapman: Harry Stack Sullivan — *Martin Lebowitz*

795 Dance — *Nancy Goldner*

796 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

796 Needlepoint (poem) — *Mary Swander*

797 Theatre — *Henry Popkin*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
BLAIR CLARK

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
ELIZABETH POCHODA

Contributing Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN; Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Jerusalem, HERBERT KROSNEY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1976 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $17.50; two years, $30. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 222
No. 25

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee
JUN 21 1976
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good turnout, although only 57.9 per cent of 15 million potential adult voters had registered, is that all four candidates took substantially the same position on issues; all of them are, in essence, conservative Republicans. But Finch, Bell and Harmer ran dull campaigns, whereas Sam qualifies as a "character." His opponents acknowledged that he exhibited a "delightful wit and charm," while he himself says that he has "more girl friends over 45 than any other candidate in the state." Worth noting is the fact that he was rebuked by the Japanese-American Citizens League for saying that while Japanese-Americans suffered heavy losses and severe injustices when they were evacuated from the West Coast during World War II, the experience had nevertheless been good for them, in a way, since it jarred them out of their "me-tooism" and ghetto status.

On the Democratic side, Sen. John Tunney was renominated with approximately 54 per cent of the vote. But Tom Hayden, considering his ideological antecedents —a founder of SDS and member of the "Chicago Seven" —gave Tunney quite a race. Hayden campaigned hard for nearly a year and spent perhaps $1 million, as did Tunney. He raised issues, on which he differed with Tunney, but took care to run a "political" campaign—that is, he was out to win and not to make points. One cannot be sure to what extent his "Populist" style campaign was successful, since in a California primary any challenger to an incumbent is likely to win at least a third of the vote, with or without "firm positions" on issues. However, it is interesting to note that Hayden did quite well in university communities—Santa Cruz and Santa Barbara—in Marin County, where many eggheads reside, and in Tulare, where farm workers probably account for his strong vote. On the other hand, where special constituencies were not a major factor, as in Sacramento, Tunney and Hayden ran a dead heat. Tunney's voting record had won high marks from various civic organizations and organized labor but he did not run a particularly effective campaign. He does not project a "strong image," in part because he is very much the gentleman, of observable sensitivity in behavior, style and speech. If Reagan is the Republican nominee, Hayakawa could run a strong race, campaigning against "the buddy system" in Washington and the rest of it while at the same time taking care to maintain his distinctive image. He is wily, resourceful and a tough infighter. Part of Senator Tunney's problem will be that the Finch-Bell constituencies, which might well vote for a Democrat or simply not vote, do not regard him with high favor, since by their standards, if not by Hayden's, he is "too liberal." But Carter's nomination should help Tunney.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Fanny Hill

Some enemy of representative government seems to have let loose a cloud of aphrodisiac gas on Capitol Hill. It could not have been laughing gas because the laughter is all on the outside; and within the hallowed halls the faces are long. Where, the swains of Congress wonder, will outraged virtue strike next? Behind what arras or in which sanctum lurks a jilted secretary clutching a manuscript telling all (with a handsome advance from a publisher and a centerfold spread in a girlie sheet to support the case for involuntary sexual servitude)?

The Wayne Hays case and its offshoots have become a national joke. Even Hays's drug overdose, which could have cost him his life, has not stifled the prurient giggles. The trouble with it is that the joke is on us.

If the reader will put up with a slight excursion into public and private morality, there are a couple of fairly serious points to make about the misbehavior on Capitol Hill. The first and obvious one is that the taxpayers paid for the availability of women to our lawmakers. Enough said on that. Second, "public servants" should be held to a standard of behavior that is a bit above ordinary norms. These men may indeed be called "Representatives," but they should represent the best, and not the worst, in the people who elect them (whose circumstances generally do not allow them to behave in Hays's lecherous manner, even if they would).

There is another kind of nastiness in the Hays case and its little siblings. That is the fact that the women of the Capitol are prey, willing or not, of their powerful protectors. They have no standing or tenure that is not utterly at the mercy of their bosses. For every adventuress like Elizabeth Ray, there must be at least a handful who have quietly left their jobs in Congress rather than submit, as used to be said, to the amorous advances of their employers. So the Hayses of that world have been victimizing these women and exploiting their power over them. It is a peculiarly revolting form of bullying.

Finally, the journalistic exposure of these shenanigans deserves a word. Most people in Washington seem to be delighted by the fall of the mighty but petty tyrant Wayne Hays. He is one of the most hated men in the Capital. His minor cruelties to the personnel of the House fit well with his dictatorial and narrow-minded behavior on public matters before that body. Nevertheless, the reporters for *The Washington Post* got their exposé by employing some peculiarly unappealing, not to say unprofessional, journalistic tactics. In order to get their story, as Aaron Latham reports in *New York* magazine (June 21), they acted more like private eyes of the Dashiell Hammett school than newspaper reporters. They gumshoed, eavesdropped, tailed, snooped and used recordings to nail Hays. And, of course, they had the enthusiastic cooperation of the jilted Elizabeth Ray, who had already done her little ghost-written memoir and was eager to promote it while getting her revenge on Hays. The *Post*, as Latham puts it, had "a second dynamic sleuthing duo" (Rudy Maxa and Marion Clark) to go with the pair of reporters, Woodward and Bernstein, who exposed Nixon and the Watergate scandal. The results are hardly comparable and the tactics of the second "duo" were not up to those of their predecessors.

So Wayne Hays has been disgraced, the reputation of Congress blackened yet again, but the story is nowhere nearly over. The House-cleaning remains to be done. It should start in the dark corners of the Capitol where conflicts of interest multiply like cockroaches and where tactics are thought up for padding members' pay with phony stationery, postage and travel allowances that are simply rip-offs of the public purse.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Workers Be Damned

Speaking of rip-offs, there's the barefaced, as against the sneaky, kind. The Teamsters convention in Las Vegas (where else?) offers a splendid example of the shameless steal. It was an extraordinary spectacle, even for those accustomed to the behavior of the men who run the nation's largest union. It will come as no surprise that President Ford sent his Secretary of Labor out to give the Teamster bosses his blessing.

On the Vegas Strip, the hand-picked majority of Teamster delegates voted almost to a man to raise by 25 per cent the pay of their president, Frank E. Fitzsimmons, and of the rest of the "leadership." For Richard Nixon's golfing companion that means he goes from a piddling $125,000 to $156,250, making him the most highly paid "labor leader" in the world.

How to pay for this largesse was a question that agonized the convention for about a minute and a half. The answer? Raise the members' dues by 40 per cent over the next sixteen months. Let us not be unfair. There was one, but only one, increased benefit for the working stiffs who have to support this fantastically corrupt and burdensome bureaucracy—weekly strike benefits were raised from $25 to $35 a week for the first four weeks of a strike and from $35 to $45 after that. Many unions have much higher strike benefits. The Teamsters, however, have suffered from multimillion dollar losses in dubious real estate speculations and other questionable ventures and so undoubtedly Fitzsimmons and his crew can't afford more generous strike payments right now.

The most brazen outrage perpetrated on the 2 million hard-working members by the Las Vegas convention was to make it almost impossible for them to seek redress against their own officers for the corrupt and harmful actions for which many of the Teamsters locals and district councils are notorious. By limiting the time in which complaints can be filed to twelve months, they made sure that the evidence of wrongdoing could not be uncovered in time. Finally, Fitzsimmons solidified his control of this giant union, central to the whole national economy, by getting himself an absolutely free hand in the appointment of so-called "international representatives." He can now pay these personal henchmen in any number and at any salary he chooses, and one can be sure these no-show patronage jobs will spread like daisies in Boss Fitzsimmons's pasture.

For those who care about an honest and effective labor movement in this country (and that should include every American), it was a sickening spectacle out there among the one-armed bandits. It's enough to make one miss the departed Hoffa. He would have simply stolen the money that Fitzsimmons squeezed out of the Teamsters in a revolting parody of union democracy.

RUNNING AGAINST WASHINGTON

REVERSE ENGLISH OF WATERGATE

REP. BOB ECKHARDT

What *should* have been learned from Watergate is that when government falters, self-serving interests will buy privilege to cheat the people, pollute the environment and bilk the government. But the lesson that these same self-serving interests would have the public learn from Watergate is that government is innately fallible and corrupt. They know, of course, that if the umpire is sufficiently discredited, the game may be played without rules. All the points then will go to the strong and ruthless.

For such a lesson the public is an apt pupil. Watergate has engendered in the public mind a deeply cynical attitude about government. Nearly every politician is now running against Washington. To disqualify Congressmen and all officials who make or enforce public policy on the ground that they are unfit instruments to further the public interest is, of course, to reject representative government as an institution.

To suggest that such a position was being taken by serious persons seeking the highest office in the land might at other times have been laughed out of countenance. "You are building a straw man," one would have been told. But hear Mr. Reagan's description of his state of mind as Governor of California: "In my mind I was a citizen representing my fellow citizens against the institution of government."

If such an attitude can be nurtured and it becomes pervasive in government and in the minds of the people, then the lesson of Watergate will have taken a curious twist. The people will say to government, with Reagan, "Get out of the way and let us have at it." Those holding with Reagan, in a vague and strangely naive sort of way, think that if the oil and gas companies are permitted to set their prices without any restraint, if chemical companies are permitted to make any substance, no matter how toxic, and release it in the marketplace, and if business in general is permitted to operate without being held by law to social responsibility—then somehow everyone will do right, impediments to "progress" will be removed, and everyone will prosper. This is the message Mr. Reagan conveys. "There isn't any problem we can't solve if government will give us the facts," he says. "Tell us what needs to be done. Then get out of the way and let us have at it."

If "us" is not the American people acting through government, "us" as Mr. Reagan conceives it must be individual persons acting in some manner of voluntary concert. Corporations, I suppose, would be the principal vehicle of "having at it," because they are the principal

Rep. Bob Eckhardt, a Democrat, is a member of Congress from Texas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way that the movers and the shakers act in concert. But if *people* are to be represented, who is to represent them other than government—other than Congressmen and the executive branch, members of the regulatory agencies, and other governmental officials?

It is the very institution of government that Mr. Reagan is attacking, not just a present ineffective government. In a tract called "Restoring Confidence in Government" he says: "It is time that our government became less interested in what it thinks it can do, and more interested in what the people can do for themselves."

President Ford, who appears to have the same speech writer, says "The heavy hand of government has found its way in far, far too many areas of our national life." Mr. Carter's sensitive political barometer makes him react with the following bleak view of government: "Our government in Washington now is a horrible bureaucratic mess. It is disorganized, wasteful, has no purpose, and its policies—when they exist—are incomprehensible or devised by special interest groups with little regard for the welfare of the average American citizen."

Carter is not referring to the corrupt government of the Nixon era but to the fumbling government of the Ford era. Unlike Reagan and Ford, he does not see the situation as reflecting what happens when government reaches into "too many areas of our national life." He qualifies the above critical appraisal with the following: "This is not an inherent, unavoidable aspect of government."

Yet I believe that the anti-government character of present political expression reflects, or caters to, a public mood which has its roots in Watergate; and I think it is good therapy to bring up for conscious examination some of the brooding doubts that were planted in our minds at that time.

The Watergate scandals revealed corruption only at the very top of the executive department. Vesco tried to corrupt the Securities and Exchange Commission through the former Attorney General. Failing that, he fled the country. Gulf Oil Company attempted to influence Congressmen by illegal, direct corporate contributions and, no doubt, it bought the ear of certain Congressmen. Nevertheless, Congress thereafter removed from major oil companies the depletion allowance. A Houston company, called Gulf Resources and Chemical Corporation, laundered money through a Mexican subsidiary to keep the Environmental Protection Agency off its back. A subsidiary, Bunker Hill, was polluting the Coeur d'Alene River in Idaho with discharges of mercury, lead, cadmium and zinc. But there is no evidence that EPA held off because of the contributions.

What Watergate revealed was a large and intimate White House family exercising enormous influence and power. The White House was corrupt, and the corruptors were business interests. The obvious way to cure the evil is to avoid placing such unchecked power in the hands of persons who are solely responsible to the President.

But the notion that *all* government is inherently weak, inefficient and corruptible was powerfully reinforced in the public mind by the Watergate scandals. That is unfortunate because in order for government to deal with the tough and technical problems with which it is confronted today, it must be trusted.

An important part of the problem is that because these problems *are* technical, and because their solutions must be worked out in a kind of common-law way, Congress must delegate a great amount of authority. There is nothing new about that. Three or four generations ago Congress, when fashioning the antitrust laws, found the problems involved in preserving competition in the marketplace too varied to be anticipated by very specific legislation. Wide scope was therefore given to the courts to fashion remedies appropriate to whatever specific problems might arise: a sort of delegation to the judiciary.

In the 1930s Congress, when creating and guaranteeing the right to bargain collectively, in very broad terms, made it illegal to interfere with that right. The actual problems which arose thereafter were left to the National Labor Relations Board and the courts to sort out and solve.

Something of the same technique must be applied to present-day problems. Congress fashioned necessary stopgap legislation when energy prices were inordinately inflated by the OPEC cartel. Complex controls became a necessity if the price of *all* oil were not to go up in successive stages to $11, $12, $13, following the cartel price. Congress put into effect controls under which a kind of price plateau was established. Much authority had to be delegated, and the Federal Energy Administration was created to administer rules and procedures, primarily to administer allocation and price controls.

In areas like this, control processes are necessarily technical and detailed. They always seem puzzlingly complex; they can seem "a horrible bureaucratic mess," and that is how business would like them to seem. It is not hard to sell the idea to the public, and lobbyists and public relations firms work at it night and day. It is ironic that such detail and complexity are not uncommonly caused by industry and its lobbyists themselves. The need for an exception is urged on the ground that otherwise the act would apply where its application is needless or excessively burdensome. Thus complexity, demanded by industry, becomes the very stick with which to beat down legislation, the basis for ridicule.

Here, then, is a specific, very recent example of how the poison of Watergate has seeped into the sluices of the legislative process. I use "poison" not to refer to the legislation but to the atmosphere under which it is considered. In this case, it happens that the legislation is arguably a reform, the legislators behind it are intelligent, sincere men and women, mostly moderate Democrats with a constructive cast of mind. They do not intend to impede reasonable governmental controls. But their proposals would be destructive of the process necessary for the government's protection of the public. Such legislation is given impetus by the mood created by Watergate—what may be called the "reverse English" of Watergate.

The proceeding on June 1 on the Federal Energy Administration (FEA) authorization bill (H. R. 12169) is the example I shall use, though there are a number

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of others. The FEA is, as I have said, the agency made responsible by law to administer the allocation and price controls for oil. These duties are mandatory for a remaining period of three years; they continue, unless altered under the terms of the Act with tacit approval of both houses, whether FEA goes out of existence or not. If the agency were dissolved, the President would be mandated by law to place elsewhere the functions required by the Act.

FEA has few friends. The nonmajor oil producers view it as biased in favor of the majors. The entire industry is opposed to its very existence because they hate what it is called on to do—control oil distribution and price. Those of us who have striven to establish some price stability in the industry view FEA as an army whose only strategy is retreat, with its weapons left on the field. If the agency's various charges—such as to control the price of residual fuel oil, that of middle distillates, and that of gasoline—may be considered its children, FEA, like the titan Cronus, is given to devouring its own offspring, one at a time (Energy Action No. 1 removed control of residual fuel oil and we may anticipate that Energy Action No. 3, to decontrol middle distillates, is on its way). The whole process was predicted and described by the President in answer to questions in Dallas on April 9:

> . . . we have already started the process under Frank Zarb to get rid of the various price controls under the energy legislation that was passed last December.
>
> Mr. Zarb has filed the necessary documents in the Federal Register to get rid of residual oil controls. He is next going to do it for distillates and for gasoline.

But the agency is the only one now set up to administer price controls as passed by the Energy Policy and Conservation Act of 1975. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with the legislative base of authority of FEA, and there is nothing wrong with *a* President having responsibility and influence over the agency. The wrong stems from the combined facts that *this* President has such authority and *this* agency has such Cronus-like tendencies.

Though, as I have said, the dissolution of the agency would not change the law requiring price control, it would greatly disrupt the administration of the law and would impair its enforcement. The agency, it is true, would like to decontrol petroleum products, but it is easily within the power of either house of Congress to prevent this. The next decontrol "energy action" will come before the House this summer. It would have the effect of decontrolling middle distillates, primarily composed of home heating oil, diesel and jet fuel, just as the President predicted in his Dallas speech. The "energy action" can be rejected by a resolution of disapproval in either the House or the Senate; if it were successful in either house, then the agency would be required to continue to control the price of these products.

The crux of the situation is that the authority and structure of the agency is quite adequate to accomplish the legislative objective. The fault is in the will of the administrators, but even that may be stiffened by Congress by simply denying the agency each of the successive proposals for decontrol.

On what appears to be the eve of a change of Presidents, one would think that a House composed two-thirds of Democrats would want to keep a function like that performed by the FEA within the control of the executive department, so that it might readily be restructured when a new President comes into office. Yet Rep. Floyd J. Fithian (D., Ind.) has been plugging for dismantlement of FEA and distribution of its functions to various departments and agencies *now*. The most notable reassignment would be to shift allocation and price control from FEA to the Federal Power Commission, which has always played Reynard in the henhouse. The termination dates of commissioners' service would make it impossible for a new President to appoint a majority of the commission until the mandatory price control program was nearly over.

Rep. Patricia Schroeder (D., Colo.), who has always been against oil price controls—Denver is now a center of independent oil operations—understandably supports dismantling the agency that controls prices. So she introduced a substitute to dismantle and distribute the functions of the agency. When the Schroeder amendment was held not germane and there was therefore no way to get a vote on the issue, Mr. Fithian succeeded in limiting the life of the agency to eighteen months, half the time required for controlling allocation and price under the Energy Policy and Conservation Act.

It is easy to understand why opponents of oil price control would support such a crippling of control. Fifteen Texans voted that way. Also, such stalwarts of the oil industry as Waggonner of Louisiana, Runnels of New Mexico and Jones of Oklahoma voted to terminate FEA in the middle of its mission.

It is not so easy to understand why supporters of oil price control would dismember at the halfway point the only agency now in place to administer oil price control. Yet New Yorkers and New Englanders, who naturally supported price controls, joined the Southwesterners, who opposed it, to do away with the agency at midstream. These included Abzug, Ambro, Badillo, Chisholm, Holtzman, Koch, Maguire and Harrington. I have named those who have always been stalwart upholders of the people's interests and, I think, still are. They would say, I assume, that to shorten the life of the agency sends a message to the executive that its administration of the control program has been deplorable, and that at the end of the time the function will be assigned somewhere else.

But this overlooks what would happen meanwhile. Qualified personnel would leave, and it would be impossible to replace them with the promise of employment for eighteen months or less. Then, the successor agency could hardly have much enthusiasm about taking over a program from the dismal administrators that were left, merely to preside over the phase-out of price controls. Furthermore, such a development is the one most favorable to the prospect of ultimate withdrawal of government from concern about oil prices and profits and the prudent use and husbandry of the nation's own oil- and gas-bearing lands.

In the face of these concerns, the House, rejecting the recommendation of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, the ranking members of the Subcommittee on Energy and Power from both parties, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all but two of the oil price control advocates on that subcommittee, followed the lead of Fithian, a freshman Congressman who is not on the committee. I think the action was improvident, and I do not believe this unusual and quite knee-jerky response would have occurred but for the underlying, pervasive public cynicism engendered by the reverse English of Watergate. That is what running against Washington means in practice. □

WOODSTOCK NO. 230099

WHAT THE FBI KNEW AND HID

JOHN LOWENTHAL

WASHINGTON 7, NY 2, AND CHICAGO 1 FROM PHILA. 5-17-49
DIRECTOR AND SACS URGENT
. . . CONCERNING WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER SERIAL FIVE N TWO THREE NAUGHT NAUGHT NINE NINE, ALLEGEDLY THE TYPEWRITER FORMERLY OWNED BY THE HISS FAMILY, IT IS DESIRED TO POINT OUT . . . THAT THE DEFINITE POSSIBILITY EXISTS THIS TYPEWRITER IS NOT THE ONE RECEIVED BY PRISCILLA HISS FROM HER FATHER THOMAS FANSLER. . . .

The Woodstock typewriter has been the focus of doubts about the Hiss case ever since the trials in 1949-50. The second jury convicted Hiss on the premise that his wife had typed copies of State Department documents at home on the Hiss family Woodstock. Everyone appeared to think that Woodstock model 5N serial number 230099, the typewriter on exhibit in the courtroom, was that same typewriter. But soon after the verdict, evidence that the typewriter was suspect—not the Hisses' machine, and possibly even a machine planted or fabricated to frame Hiss—began to surface.

The FBI has just disclosed that it had evidence, even before the Hiss perjury trials began, that Woodstock No. 230099 was not the Hiss family typewriter. Had this evidence been disclosed before the trials, it might well have severed a vital link in the Government's case against Hiss, by discrediting the opinion of "expert" document examiners that the incriminating papers had been typed on the same machine used for typing some old Hiss family letters.

FBI files are now being obtained under the amended Freedom of Information Act. The files released to date are voluminous but incomplete, and litigation to obtain withheld and deleted material is continuing. Nevertheless, what is already available about the typewriter is sufficiently clear, and its prior withholding by the FBI significant enough, to warrant this preliminary assessment.

The importance of the typewriter in the case can be briefly sketched. In August 1948, an ex-Communist named Whittaker Chambers appeared before the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) and accused Alger Hiss, a former State Department employee, and other former Government employees of having been Communists who tried to influence Government policy in the 1930s, but not of having engaged in espionage. Hiss sued Chambers for libel. On November 17, 1948, during pretrial depositions of Chambers in the libel suit in Baltimore, Chambers produced typewritten copies of various State Department papers bearing dates in the first four months of 1938.

Chambers claimed that Hiss's wife, Priscilla, had typed the copies at home from State Department papers brought home overnight by Hiss. Chambers stated that he collected the typed copies at the Hisses' house and delivered them to a photographer to be microfilmed, and that he then delivered the microfilms to a Russian agent. Chambers said variously that he had previously refrained from mentioning espionage in order to shield his erstwhile friend Hiss; that he had forgotten the papers, forgotten he had put them by, thought he had destroyed them, did not believe they still existed or were of much importance; and that, if he produced no tangible evidence, he saw that he might well lose the libel suit and be indicted for perjury.

Hiss and his libel-suit lawyers immediately requested that the typewritten copies produced by Chambers (referred to as "Baltimore Documents") be turned over to the Department of Justice for an investigation to determine Chambers's true source for the underlying State Department papers of which the Baltimore Documents were copies, summaries, and extracts. Hiss and his lawyers retained only photostats of the Baltimore Documents.

During the next few weeks, a grand jury that was investigating possible espionage resumed hearing testimony from Hiss, Chambers, and others. On December 15, 1948, the grand jury indicted Hiss for perjury in denying that he had turned over State Department documents, or copies thereof, to Chambers in early 1938. (Prosecution for espionage was barred by the Statute of Limitations.)

The crux of the evidence against Hiss was Chambers's

John Lowenthal is a professor at Rutgers Law School (Newark). As a law student during the Hiss trials, he researched legal questions for the defense attorneys. Since then, he has remained in touch with developments in the case and has at times served as counsel to Hiss.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

testimony and the typewritten Baltimore Documents.

Whatever typewriter the Hisses had owned in early 1938 they no longer had in 1948. However, letters typed in the Hiss household during the period from January 1933 to May 1937 (the "Hiss Standards") were found. Document examiners at the FBI and also for the defense expressed their opinions that the Hiss Standards and all but one of the Baltimore Documents had been typed on the same machine, which they recognized from the type-face style to be an old Woodstock.

Priscilla Hiss had been given an old Woodstock by her father, but had disposed of it, probably in 1937 or 1938. The exact date of disposition was important. If Priscilla Hiss had still possessed the typewriter throughout the dates on the Baltimore Documents (January 5 through April 1, 1938), then it was at least *possible* for the Baltimore Documents to have been typed by her at home as Chambers claimed. (It would not have *proved* Chambers's story, since he or someone else could have "borrowed" the typewriter during that period to type the Baltimore Documents, or could have obtained the machine for that purpose at some later date, after Priscilla Hiss had disposed of it—or, as we shall see, could have forged the Baltimore Documents on another machine.) But if she had disposed of the typewriter *before* the dates on the Baltimore Documents and never again had the machine in her possession, then those documents could not possibly have been typed on it in the Hiss home as Chambers claimed.

If the Hiss Woodstock could be traced, the exact date of its disposition might be pinned down. The FBI, HUAC, and the defense all tried to find the old machine. What the FBI found in December 1948 is now revealed, at least in part, in FBI reports made that month at Philadelphia (December 17 and 23), Milwaukee (December 21), and Chicago (December 23):

The Woodstock given to Priscilla Hiss by her father, Thomas Fansler, had been bought when Fansler formed an insurance business partnership in Philadelphia with Harry Martin in the spring or summer of 1927. The FBI interviewed Martin, who remembered buying a new Woodstock at the inception of the partnership from Thomas Grady, a Woodstock salesman in Philadelphia. The FBI found Grady, who recalled selling a Woodstock to Martin about 1927, at the inception of the partnership. Grady ceased to work for the Woodstock Typewriter Company on December 3, 1927. Secretaries who worked for the partnership were also interviewed, and their recollections, while somewhat confused and uncertain, tended to confirm that the Fansler-Martin partnership had a Woodstock in 1927. No one recalled any subsequent trade-in of the Woodstock or that there was more than one Woodstock in the Fansler-Martin office.

The FBI then obtained from the Woodstock company a factory record listing the approximate serial numbers used at the beginning of each year 1925 through 1931, as follows:

1925	131,130
1926	145,000
1927	159,300
1928	177,100
1929	204,500
1930	246,500
1931	276,000

A trade-in manual for use by typewriter dealers listed approximately the same data, with minor changes such as commencing the year 1928 with the serial number 177,000 instead of 177,100.

The FBI thus concluded in December 1948 as follows:

> In view of the fact that THOMAS GRADY, the salesman who sold the new Woodstock typewriter to the FANSLER-MARTIN partnership, resigned on December 3, 1927, it would appear, therefore, that the serial number of the typewriter sold to FANSLER-MARTIN would be less than 177,000.

Armed with the list of serial numbers by years, more than ninety FBI agents combed the country for old Woodstocks. Whenever they found one in or near the pertinent serial range, they also tried to ascertain the date of its purchase, since they had a date—December 3, 1927—on or before which the Fansler-Martin machine must have been purchased. What they found shows a time gap of at least half a year from date of manufacture to date of purchase. Thus, Woodstock No. 169653, manufactured in 1927, according to Woodstock records, was purchased in July 1928. Woodstock No. 188729E, manufactured in 1928, was purchased "probably in the Summer of 1929"; and the FBI agent added in his report, "Inasmuch as the machine appears to have been manufactured subsequent to January 1, 1928, no further investigation was conducted concerning this machine." A considerably longer gap appears for Woodstock No. 210524, manufactured in 1929 and "purchased approximately in 1932" (to which the FBI agent added, "Inasmuch as the serial number of this machine indicates manufacture subsequent to 1927, no further inquiry was made concerning it.").

Even photographs of the pertinent model, which was unchanged throughout the three years 1926, 1927, and 1928, were sought by the FBI. J. Edgar Hoover himself specified serial numbers for those years in a memorandum he sent to SAC [Special Agent in Charge], WASHINGTON FIELD, dated February 17, 1949, the first sentence of which reads:

> You are requested to obtain a photograph of a Woodstock typewriter which comes within the pertinent serial range, that is, 145,000 - 204,500 which was manufactured around the time that the Hiss Woodstock machine was made and show this photograph to the maids, baby sitters and other persons who have admitted seeing an upright machine in the Hiss residence.

The FBI was unsuccessful in its search for the old Woodstock, as far as can be determined from the files released to date.*

---

* Richard Nixon wrote in his *Six Crises* (Doubleday, 1962) that the FBI found the typewriter two days before Hiss was indicted:

> On December 13 [1948], FBI agents found the typewriter.
>
> * * *
>
> On December 15, the critical last day [of the Grand Jury's term, and the day they indicted Hiss], an expert from the

FBI/DOJ COPY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The defense had relatively meager resources to devote to the search. However, in April 1949, just six weeks before the first trial began, defense attorneys found Woodstock No. 230099. They believed it to be the Hiss family Woodstock because it appeared to be traceable all the way back, through many hands, to the family of a maid who had worked for the Hisses in the 1930s and to whose sons the Hisses had given their Woodstock.

If the finding of Woodstock No. 230099 by the defense attorneys was entirely a surprise to the FBI, that investigative bureau had been upstaged by a few rank amateurs. Moreover, a crucial detail was cause for adding consternation to chagrin: The serial number of the newly found machine was too high for the Woodstock the FBI had been looking for—a machine purchased by the Fansler-Martin partnership even before No. 230099 was manufactured, according to the FBI's evidence.

It must have been a bureaucrat's nightmare. On the one hand, if Woodstock No. 230099 were the Hiss family machine, the FBI had muffed its investigation. The bureau would lose face, and someone would have to take the blame. On the other hand, if the FBI's investigation and evidence were correct, then the defense attorneys had somehow been led into error in identifying Woodstock No. 230099 as the Hiss family machine. Worse, any document examiner who might give an opinion that Woodstock No. 230099 was the same machine that the Hiss Standards had been typed on would be discredited if the fact that it was not the Hiss machine were to come to light.

From the FBI files recently released, we see the FBI diligently rechecking its evidence for accuracy. The files also suggest maneuvering by FBI agents to escape blame. First is an FBI agent's 3-page defense addressed to his chief, justifying in detail why the agent had looked for typewriters only with serial numbers substantially lower than 230099. This is the teletype excerpted at the beginning of this article. It was sent by FBI agent Boardman of the Philadelphia office to J. Edgar Hoover on May 17, 1949, just two weeks before the first trial began. Boardman reminds Hoover that THE INVESTIGATION TO DATE HAS ESTABLISHED THAT THE FANSLER-MARTIN PARTNERSHIP PURCHASED A WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER IN NINETEEN TWENTYSEVEN. Boardman then carefully recites the substantiating interviews with Martin and Woodstock salesman Grady and the factory serial number list WHICH MAKES IT APPARENT THAT TWO THREE NAUGHT NAUGHT NINE NINE WOULD HAVE BEEN MANUFACTURED IN TWENTYNINE. It therefore could not have been the Woodstock purchased by Fansler-Martin in 1927, and therefore could not have been the Hiss family machine.

After making his own defense, Boardman then tries shifting the onus to the FBI laboratory in Washington:

> BULAB REPORT DATED DEC. THIRTY, FORTYEIGHT SETS OUT THAT CONSIDERATION SHOULD BE GIVEN TO OBTAINING SPECIMENS FROM MACHINES HAVING SERIAL NUMBERS LOWER THAN TWO HUNDRED FOUR THOUSAND.

Next, Boardman raises the possibility that the FBI had been led astray by wrong figures supplied by the Chicago office of the FBI:

> IF WOODSTOCK NUMBER TWO THREE NAUGHT NAUGHT NINE NINE SHOULD ACTUALLY DEVELOP TO BE THE FORMER FANSLER-MARTIN TYPEWRITER, THEN RECORDS OF FACTORY AND TRADE MANUAL WOULD APPEAR TO BE INACCURATE. CHICAGO OFFICE SHOULD IMMEDIATELY ATTEMPT TO DETERMINE DEGREE OF ACCURACY WHICH CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO INFO SET FORTH IN REREP SA ANDERSON CONCERNING QUOTE APPROXIMATE SERIAL NUMBERS UNQUOTE AND WHAT OFFICIAL OF WOODSTOCK CAN TESTIFY TO THIS DEGREE OF ACCURACY. . . .

The Chicago office responded with a memorandum to the DIRECTOR, FBI, dated May 20, 1949, confirming and elaborating as follows on the evidence previously gathered by the Chicago office:

> MR. JOSEPH SCHMITT, Vice President in Charge of Production, Woodstock Typewriter Company, Woodstock, Illinois, has furnished a list indicating the various serial numbers being used at the times technical changes were made in Woodstock typewriters. Mr. SCHMITT stated that this list is accurate and that Traffic Manager HAROLD KROULL could testify as to its accuracy. The list is as follows:

MODEL	SERIAL	DATE	CHANGE
5H	121000	June, 1924	
5HN	131000	Dec., 1924	(½" ribbon)
5N-8J-8K-8L	141000	March, 1925	(½" ribbon on Long Carriages)
5N-8J-8K-8L	220000	March, 1929	(New Style Action)
5N-8J-8K-8L	265000	Aug., 1930	(Die Cast Base)
5N-8J-8K-8L	300000	July, 1931	(Die Cast Topplate)
5N-8J-8K-8L	325000	June, 1932	(Nickel Carriage Ends)

Schmitt's new list was consistent with the factory record and trade-in manual that the FBI had obtained before Woodstock No. 230099 burst upon the scene. From Schmitt's list, it appears that Woodstock No. 230099 would have been manufactured between March 1929, when serial number 220000 was used, and August 1930, when serial number 265000 was used.

The Milwaukee office of the FBI reinterviewed Woodstock salesman Grady "concerning the Woodstock typewriter he sold to HARRY MARTIN and his partner FANSLER in Philadelphia in the year 1927." The Milwaukee office reported to J. Edgar Hoover on June 7, 1949:

FBI typed exact copies of the incriminating documents on the old Woodstock machine and had them flown up to New York as exhibits for the members of the Grand Jury to see. . . . The evidence was unanswerable. (P. 60.)

When it was pointed out to Nixon that the defense, not the FBI, was supposed to have found the old Woodstock, Nixon promptly disavowed that part of his book as "a researcher's error", and changed the passage in subsequent editions. Whether or not it was a researcher's error, it and the other known assertions that the FBI or HUAC found the typewriter, and *Newsweek*'s identification of the typewriter as "an aged Woodstock, No. 200194" (July 24, 1961, p. 20, col. 2), remain unexplained and provocative challenges to the authenticity of Woodstock No. 230099 and the candor of the Government.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was pointed out to him [GRADY] that the typewriter produced by HISS [No. 230099], according to company records, was manufactured in the year 1929 and was a Model 5N. He stated that he could not have sold this typewriter as he sold no typewriters subsequent to leaving the employ of Woodstock in December 1927.

The FBI did more than just reinvestigate its previous evidence pointing to a 1927 Woodstock. The emergence of Woodstock No. 230099 furnished a new clue in the specific serial number, which, if it could be traced through sales records, might lead to the name of the purchaser and the date of purchase. The FBI searched, and this is what it says it found:

No record of the sale of a typewriter bearing serial 230099 has ever been located; however, sale of a machine with serial 230098, one digit lower than the machine in question, has been located, it occurring in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on September 21, 1932.

If the machine in question was also sold in 1932, it was sold to someone other than Fansler-Martin, since that partnership was terminated in 1930 and Fansler retired then or in early 1931.

The FBI's finding quoted above, concerning the machine one digit lower, appears in a 9-page memorandum dated June 8, 1949, setting forth "an analysis of the information developed since December 10, 1948, which concerns the Woodstock Typewriter." The memorandum marshals the information in a bid to show that perhaps the Fansler-Martin partnership did not buy its Woodstock until 1929, thus opening up the possibility that the machine it bought *was* No. 230099 after all. Three paragraphs dealing with various typing specimens are wrapped up in this final sentence:

While this is not by any means conclusive, there are at least indications that the Woodstock Typewriter in question was purchased on or shortly before July 8, 1929.

But even that date would not encompass Woodstock No. 230099. Joseph Schmitt, the Woodstock factory manager, was later to say that No. 230099 would have been manufactured in August or September of 1929. Thus it was not even in existence to have been purchased by the Fansler-Martin partnership on July 8, 1929.

When the defense attorneys had found Woodstock No. 230099, they had retained a document examiner to compare specimens of its typing with the Hiss Standards. He expressed the opinion that Woodstock No. 230099 was the machine on which the Hiss Standards had been typed.

We now learn that FBI document examiners did likewise. On October 21, 1949, in the period between the two trials, Special Agent John S. McCool took twenty-one specimens from Woodstock No. 230099. An FBI laboratory report dated October 27, 1949, on those specimens ("K746 Twenty-one pages of typewritten specimens obtained from a Woodstock Typewriter, Serial #N230099") gives the RESULTS OF EXAMINATION:

It was concluded that the typewriter with Serial #N230099, which was used to type the specimens designated above as K746, was the typewriter that was used to type the evidence listed below: [The evidence listed is the Hiss Standards and Baltimore Documents.]

But if Woodstock No. 230099 was not the Hiss family machine, as the FBI's other evidence indicated it was not, then the Hiss Standards were not typed on it. Therefore, the document examiners were necessarily wrong, demonstrably unable to tell which papers were typed on what machine.*

Consistent with the FBI's other evidence that Woodstock No. 230099 was not the Hiss machine is the fact that its operating condition when Special Agent McCool took the twenty-one specimens from it in 1949 was far better than seems credible for the Hiss family Woodstock in the normal course of events. When the Hisses disposed of their Woodstock about a dozen years earlier, it was then "in poor condition. . . . pretty much of a wreck. . . . The keys stuck, hooked together, and the ribbon didn't work properly." Subsequent possessors testified that the keys stuck, the spacing was bad, the carriage or roller was broken, and the ribbon failed to move; that the typewriter was left outdoors in the rain; and finally that it was unusable and in such bad condition that it could not be repaired.

Special Agent McCool, however, found Woodstock No. 230099 quite otherwise when he typed the twenty-one specimens on it in October 1949, shortly before the second trial began. According to an FBI report made at New York on November 4, 1949, and just recently released:

It was noted, in obtaining these specimens, that the typewriter itself was in very good condition. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining these specimens and none of the letters appeared to stick or to be impaired to any degree. It was noted, however, that the carriage return bar on this machine was loose which necessitated manually turning the platen in order to type from one line to the next.

At the second trial, Special Agent McCool demonstrated

* The FBI laboratory reports that I have seen are self-evidently incomplete: a few conclusions labeled "Results of Examination", without supporting data or methodology, and containing deletions and references to documents not furnished. Some pages are illegible and have been returned to the FBI with requests for clearer copies. An important example is an FBI laboratory report dated May 23, 1949 (one week before the beginning of the first trial), on typing specimen "K740 An Application for Federal Employment dated July 26, 1947, bearing the name [deleted]." The report refers to a Bureau wire and letter dated May 20, 1949, but not furnished. The report concludes, if I correctly read the unclear copy, "that the machine which was used to type [the Baltimore Documents] was the same machine which typed K740 . . . ." Fortunately in this instance, FBI memorandums dated May 24, June 8, and November 3, 1949, confirm that reading and identify K740 as executed by a Mr. James McQueen, one of the many people to whom possession of Woodstock No. 230099 was traced.

The complete FBI laboratory reports, if they resemble the defense's pretrial document examiners' reports, would inspire little confidence. It requires no "expert" to see that the defense's pretrial reports are seriously deficient in methodology, thoroughness, accuracy, and plain common sense. The FBI document examiner who testified at the trials presented even flimsier support for his opinion that the Hiss Standards and the Baltimore Documents had been typed on the same machine (see Werchen & Cook, "New Light on the Hiss Case," *The Nation*, May 28, 1973, esp. pp. 683-84). There is also other evidence from type and typing specimens, not dealt with in the reports available to date, that Woodstock No. 230099 is not the machine on which the Baltimore Documents were typed.

These important matters warrant full investigation and analysis, particularly when (if ever) the withheld FBI material becomes available.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the good condition of Woodstock No. 230099 by typing a copy of one of the Baltimore Documents on it in the presence of the jury.

When the defense attorneys found Woodstock No. 230099, they knew too little about its operating condition over the years to be skeptical of it; they knew nothing of the FBI's evidence that the serial number was too high for the Fansler-Martin (Hiss) machine; and they had no suspicion that professional document examiners might be wrong in attributing two sets of papers to the same typewriter. The defense attorneys brought Woodstock No. 230099 into court as the Hiss family Woodstock. Several defense witnesses testified that they recognized the machine and that the Hisses had given it away in connection with a household move on December 29, 1937, before the dates on the Baltimore Documents. But the precise date of disposition still could not be established so long after the event.

The Government, knowing that the defense would introduce the machine as the Hiss Woodstock, faced the tactical problem of how to cope with it. The ingenious solution worked out by the prosecution was to walk the tightrope of *appearing* to accept the machine as the Hiss Woodstock, but without putting any witness on the stand to testify to that effect under oath.

In the courtroom, Woodstock No. 230099 was used effectively by the prosecutor, Thomas Murphy, in his summation to the jury at the second trial. Pointing dramatically to the typewriter, he said: "They [the Baltimore Documents] were typed on that machine (indicating). Our man said it was."

In fact, their man said no such thing. Their man was Ramos C. Feehan, an FBI agent assigned to the FBI laboratory as a document examiner. Feehan testified only that, in his opinion, the Baltimore Documents and the Hiss Standards had been typed on the same machine. He did not identify Woodstock No. 230099 as that machine. He never mentioned the FBI laboratory's identification of Woodstock No. 230099 as the machine on which both sets of papers had been typed.

Prosecutor Murphy's misstatement to the jury at the second trial was, of course, only a lawyer's argument, not testimony; nor was it made under oath. But the judge himself was apparently misled, for he charged the jury that identification of Woodstock No. 230099 was part of the Government's case:

> It is the contention of the Government that this [Woodstock No. 230099] is the typewriter upon which Baltimore Exhibits 5 to 47 (with the exception of Exhibit 10) were typed. This is not contested by the defense but the defense claims that this typewriter was given away when the Hisses moved to the Volta Place house at the end of December 1937.

Thus it was that the old Woodstock became "the key 'witness' in the case", as Nixon called it in *Six Crises*. That it was also a false witness, according to the FBI's evidence, was not then suspected by the defense. There is no doubt that the old Woodstock in the courtroom did the defendant no good. On January 21, 1950, the jury at the second trial convicted Hiss in effect of having brought State Department documents home for his wife to copy on Woodstock No. 230099.

At his sentencing, Hiss again denied the charges made against him and expressed confidence "that in the future the full facts of how Whittaker Chambers was able to carry out forgery by typewriter will be disclosed." Hiss and his attorneys had surmised that Chambers, perhaps with the help of confederates, had somehow gotten hold of the old Hiss Woodstock and typed the Baltimore Documents on it, copying from State Department documents that Chambers had obtained from other State Department employees, such as Julian Wadleigh, who admitted supplying Chambers with such documents. Such forgery could have been done in 1938 (the Baltimore Documents were dated January 5 through April 1, 1938) or at any time thereafter up to November 17, 1948, when Chambers produced the Baltimore Documents in the libel suit. He could certainly have known of the old Woodstock, since he had been a house guest of the Hisses for several days in the mid-1930s, when the Hiss Standards had been typed on it (January 1933-May 1937).

Hiss was sentenced to five years in prison. While he was serving his sentence, his attorneys began to learn about other possibilities of "forgery by typewriter".

Throughout the two trials, the defense had accepted its experts' advice "that it would be absolutely impossible to make a typewriter that would duplicate the work of another so completely that no one could tell the difference between them." The theory was endorsed by Nixon in *Six Crises*:

> A typewriter has one characteristic in common with a fingerprint: every one is different, and it is impossible to make an exact duplicate unless the same machine is used.

That theory happens to be false. Unknown to the defense, military intelligence operatives in World War II, a decade before the trials, "could reproduce faultlessly the imprint of any typewriter on earth." Forgers from the United States worked in Canada at a location "chosen in part because it could be reached easily by FBI agents"; J. Edgar Hoover himself visited the establishment. One job in which the FBI collaborated called for rebuilding "with all the imperfections . . . [a] typewriter that precisely duplicated the machine in Rome"; it produced "a letter so perfectly forged by matching the imperfections of typewriter keys . . . that it caused the removal of certain key pro-Nazis in South America."*

The defense attorneys were entirely unaware that such typewriter forgeries could be, and had been, successfully performed. Nonetheless, convinced that some kind of forgery must have been perpetrated on their client, they decided on their own to see if a typewriter could be duplicated closely enough to fool the experts. The typewriter they chose to try to duplicate was Woodstock No. 230099, since the question was whether an old Woodstock, not some other make, could be duplicated. In 1950, they sent a representative to the Woodstock factory to obtain type of the same style as was soldered to the type bars of Woodstock No. 230099. But the factory manager, Joseph Schmitt, told the defense representative that the type style

* W. Stevenson, *A Man Called Intrepid* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1976), pp. 187, 189, 190, 268, 269, eighteenth unnumbered photograph page following p. 230. The defense first learned of these typewriter forgeries with the publication of H. Montgomery Hyde, *Room 3603* (Farrar, Straus, 1963).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

requested could not have been the original type for a machine with the serial number 230099. The reason, said Schmitt, was that the type style requested had been discontinued at the end of 1928, whereas a typewriter bearing serial number 230099 would have been manufactured in August or September of 1929. This would suggest, of course, that Woodstock No. 230099 was a combination of pre-1929 type soldered into a 1929 body. Such a combination could have been fabricated to frame Hiss, or could conceivably have resulted from a legitimate repair or rebuilding job by a typewriter dealer.

A major difficulty in the defense experiment to fabricate a duplicative Woodstock typewriter was to find enough type of the same old style found on Woodstock No. 230099. That was finally done, however, and the typewriter engineer retained by the defense was able to complete his assignment.

Defense investigators also obtained Woodstock serial number lists by years and some of the other evidence that the FBI had secured even before the first trial. As had the bureau, the defense attorneys concluded that Woodstock No. 230099 was manufactured too late to be the Fansler-Martin (Hiss) machine.

These post-conviction investigations by the defense apparently interested the FBI: The bureau took the trouble to keep them under close surveillance.

On January 24, 1952, Hiss's attorneys filed a motion for a new trial based on their then newly discovered evidence. As part of their motion, they challenged the Government's "expert" document examiners to distinguish specimens typed on Woodstock No. 230099 from specimens "forged" on the defense's experimental fabricated typewriter.

The Government did not accept the challenge—or, if it did, it kept the results to itself. The lawyer for the Government ridiculed the very idea of fabricating "a miraculous duplicate typewriter" such as the defense had just fabricated. The FBI did not come forward with its World War II knowledge of such fabrications.

Nor did the FBI even then divulge to the defense attorneys or the judge that the FBI had itself found evidence, before the first trial, that Woodstock No. 230099 was manufactured too late to be the Fansler-Martin (Hiss) machine. The defense attorneys had just discovered some of the same evidence and were seeking to develop it at a new trial. The Government lawyer belittled the defense motion as "frivolous. . . . [S]upposedly based on newly discovered *evidence,* in reality it is predicated on sheer speculation."

Just in case the judge might have been interested in the evidence about the typewriter, the Government also argued that it was irrelevant. The reason it was irrelevant, said the Government, was that the FBI document examiner at the trials had testified only that the Hiss Standards and the Baltimore Documents had been typed on the same machine, without identifying which machine it was or saying anything at all about Woodstock No. 230099. The Government thus stated to the judge:

> Hence, even assuming for purposes of argument that the trial exhibit [Woodstock No. 230099] was a fabricated machine and not the Hiss machine, the soundness and completeness of the Government's evidence [that the Hiss Standards and the Baltimore Documents had been typed on the same machine] is [*sic*] not affected one iota.

On the contrary, the soundness and completeness of the Government's evidence are vitally affected if Woodstock No. 230099 was not the Hiss machine, because the Government document examiners had concluded that it *was* the machine on which the Hiss Standards had been typed. But they could not have been typed on it if it was not the Hiss machine. That fact, by proving the document examiners wrong and the "unique typewriter" theory fallible, would by the same token have impeached the soundness of the Government document examiner's testimony that the Hiss Standards and the Baltimore Documents had been typed on the same machine.

Were it not for the FBI's suppression of its evidence that Woodstock No. 230099 was not the Hiss machine, this vital point would have come out at the trials, if indeed it would not have prevented or aborted the indictment itself. Now that the defense had found some of the same evidence, the Government was urging the court not to consider it. The court denied the defense motion for a new trial.

The Court of Appeals affirmed the denial of the motion, and the defense petitioned the Supreme Court to take the case. This time, the Government conceded that "the Government accepted the typewriter in evidence [Woodstock No. 230099] as the one which also produced the 'Baltimore' documents." But then the Government again disclaimed the typewriter as irrevelant:

> The Government rested its case upon the evidence that the "Baltimore" documents and the Hiss standards were typed on a single typewriter, without identifying the machine.

But it is precisely that crucial Government evidence that is vulnerable if Woodstock No. 230099 was not the Hiss machine. Once again, however, the Government presented an erroneous conclusion, this time to the Supreme Court:

> Thus, in order to have any value, petitioner's [newly discovered] evidence had to show that the Baltimore documents were forged, even if he could show that No. 230,099 was not his machine.

It is not true that Hiss's new evidence, to have any value, must "show that the Baltimore documents were forged". The burden in these criminal trials was on the *Government* to pin the Baltimore Documents on the defendant beyond a reasonable doubt, and Hiss's new evidence (like the FBI's then still withheld old evidence) could have raised that reasonable doubt by discrediting the Government document examiner's opinion, thus presenting the possibility of forgery without necessarily going all the way to show it. And if Hiss "could show that No. 230,099 was not his machine", that alone would have impeached the reliability of the Government document examiner's testimony and raised the possibility of forgery.

Woodstock No. 230099 would be irrelevant only if it were in fact the Hiss machine. In that case, it would add nothing (except drama) to FBI document examiner Feehan's testimony that the Hiss Standards and the Baltimore Documents had been typed on the same machine. (Feehan's testimony did not purport to prove *who* typed the Baltimore Documents or *when* they were typed. On those questions, the Government's case depended solely on the

LIBRARY
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

word of Whittaker Chambers.) But because Woodstock No. 230099 becomes highly relevant if it was *not* the Hiss machine, and since the defense found evidence to that effect after the conviction, the defense sought to reopen the case.

The Supreme Court declined to review the motion for a new trial.

The Hiss case, like a myth, provokes strong reactions based on emotional and political inclinations.

The HUAC hearings and the two trials were sensational and passionate events, scarcely conducive to objective fact-finding. When the first trial ended in a hung jury, 8 to 4 for conviction, jurors who had voted to convict used the words "blockhead", "dope", and "Communist sympathizer" in speaking of jurors who had voted to acquit. The latter received anonymous threats of death and advice to "go to Russia". HUAC's most publicized member, Richard Nixon, who Chambers said "made the Hiss Case possible", was reported to have "indicated" that members of the hung jury might be subpoenaed to appear before HUAC; and Nixon joined with other Congressmen in calling for an investigation looking to impeachment of the judge who had presided at the first trial. The two Supreme Court Justices, Frankfurter and Reed, who had testified as character witnesses for Hiss at the first trial were vilified in the press and in Congress, where bills were introduced to prohibit Supreme Court Justices from being subpoenaed to testify as character witnesses.

The second trial was presided over by a different judge, and no Supreme Court Justices were called to testify.

Eight months after Hiss was convicted, Nixon put into the *Congressional Record* an article from the *American Weekly* entitled "How the FBI Trapped Hiss". The article is based on material furnished by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and by prosecutor Thomas Murphy, and it recounts some of the super-sleuthing and clever trial tactics that brought down their quarry.

Now, twenty-six years later, there emerges a different version of how the FBI trapped Hiss: by suppressing the evidence vital to his defense. □

WHEN THE CULTURAL TIES SNAP

EXPLOSIVE THIRD WORLD CITIES

RICHARD CRITCHFIELD

Cairo

The gravest threat to the poor countries today is not starvation but cultural breakdown in their intensely overcrowded cities. From Manila to Cairo, there exists the eventual possibility of real, raw, red urban rioting and revolution, the kind of directionless violence France experienced in 1789, growing out of strains, miseries and despairs for which there are no present apparent solutions.

That is the message governments of the poor countries tried to bring home to the rich at Habitat, the United Nations conference on human settlements that met in Vancouver from May 31 to June 11. (See "'Habitat' at Vancouver" by Jane Holtz Kay, *The Nation*, May 29.) Yet conditions prevailing in cities like Djakarta, Calcutta and Lagos are so remote from the problems of, say, New York, that the outcome promises to be increased confrontation rather than creative action.

Anyone who has been reporting the story of Third World overpopulation for almost two decades, as I have, runs the risk of discrediting himself by crying wolf, forever forecasting famine and disaster. I have watched such cities as Djakarta, Calcutta and Cairo double in population. Tremendous cultural adjustments have been made by their people, who have remained reasonably law-abiding citizens and not howling mobs. But an actual majority of the people in these cities are still first-generation rural immigrants, with close ties to the ways and traditions of their native villages. In time those cultural links will snap and a new kind of urban society, one lacking social and spiritual balance, seems bound to emerge.

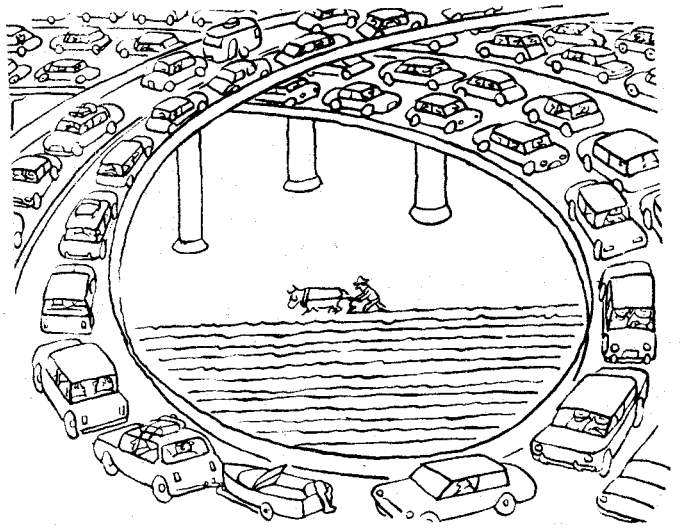
It is becoming fairly evident that, except for the bad year now and then, world food production can keep marginally ahead of population growth for the next twenty years or so, not enough to improve nutrition but enough to stave off widespread famine. The so-called Green Revolution of dwarf, high-yielding strains of grain was really more an idea than anything else—the idea that technological research tied to government commitments could pay off dramatically; while the quickest and easiest gains have been made, this transfer of American farm technology is only just beginning. If prices and average weather hold up for the next ten years, there should be a 50 per cent rise in global wheat and maize production.

But agriculture, especially modernized agriculture, can absorb just so many people. Bangladesh, with 80 million people in 55,000 square miles; Java, with 95 million people in 50,000 square miles; and Egypt, with 38 million people in 14,000 square miles (the rest is unirrigated desert) have all long since approached and in most cases passed 1,500 persons per square mile, which seems to be the rural saturation point.

Once people overshoot the carrying capacity of the land, there is no place for them to go (most migration abroad being closed or very limited to the black, brown and yellow) but to the cities. Djakarta alone has grown

Richard Critchfield, now on assignment in Asia, is the author of The Golden Bowl Be Broken, *stories of the effect of overpopulation on an Arab Bedouin, African fisherman, Indian farmer and Indonesian urban migrant (Indiana University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mitropoulos (Greece)

from 1.7 million to about 5.5 million since 1950. Seoul now has 7 million people; Cairo, 8 million. Calcutta has slum densities of 80,000 per square mile and Cairo's Bab al-Sharia district, just across from the main railway station where 150,000 new immigrants arrive each year, has 153,500 packed into a single square kilometer, surely the world's record.

Industry is not absorbing these people; agriculture is rejecting them. The most critically poor are the rural landless who must buy at least some of their food. In Central and East Java 80 per cent of the peasantry no longer own land; in Bangladesh it is close to 70 per cent. Real wages, in the seasons when work is available, are seldom more than 15¢ to 20¢ a day; in Djakarta and Dacca they go up to 35¢ to 50¢ a day, but food and shelter cost more.

In the cities, there are few real jobs to be had. Most Third World cities came into being far ahead of economic development, as ports of colonialist exchange for local natural resources in return for European capital and consumer goods. They are barely part of a modern urban-industrial system; they do not command enough savings, skills and resources to provide jobs to more than a few. And if they now begin to industrialize, more than 100 years after the West, they find that modern industry provides little untrained work and needs ever higher skills. Industry in Djakarta has to invest $2,000 per new worker compared to $200 in the late 19th century in the United States.

During the past decade from 1 million to 2 million new immigrants have flooded into the Afro-Asian cities; in some, like Cairo, it is more. Lacking any skill but cultivation of the land, they turn to the kind of employment which keeps a man from absolute starvation but contributes all but nothing to the country's development or their own acquisition of skills and confidence: street vending, petty hawking, shoe shining, errand running, pedaling a rickshaw or pushing a cart.

They live in great new slum areas surrounding established urban cores, crumbling ant heaps of anxious people who survive from day to day by providing one another with the most pitiful goods and services. Calcutta is most people's idea of the urban Apocalypse. With its mud and wattle huts, pestilential tenements and palaces, dirt, smoke and traffic fumes, the very city seems made of dust, the people of dust moving. Eight of ten families live in single rooms; thirty share one water tap; half a million sleep on the sidewalks.

Djakarta, with just as dense a population, has none of Calcutta's tragic distinction. Its poor millions are hidden behind a new Potemkin inner city of high-rise glass and concrete buildings, more than twenty skyscrapers having been built in the past five years. But don't let Asia's new ghettos of affluence fool you with their high-profit luxury hotels and foreign banks, corporations and airline offices. Behind the stage set is one vast shantytown; a flood of Javanese peasants have swollen Djakarta's population from 1.7 million to 6 million in just twenty-five years. Nearly 80 per cent of Djakartans live without any schools, purified water, electricity and sewerage, twice the percentage of the more volatile Calcuttans.

Cairo, now pushing 8 million, has no shantytowns—there is no land to spare. It still preserves a shabby but pleasant appearance with its mosques and minarets, green Nile and the desert and pyramids. But half the population lives on rooftops or in cemeteries (in houselike tombs Egyptians have traditionally built for their dead). So many people jam Cairo's streets, it is hard to find space on the sidewalks. The buses heel over as people hang to the sides and ride on the roofs, and getting on and off commuter trains is a fight for life.

Peasant immigrants usually confront a scale of misery in the cities far worse than anything they left behind in the villages. In most of these cities, the rate of unemployment is upward of 20 per cent; it could rise to 40 to 50 per cent in the early 1980s. (I use the term "unemployment" to mean lack of a decent job; no really destitute person is idle, since if he doesn't scratch up a few pennies to eat each day, he starves.)

The figures speak for themselves. In Venezuela nearly 50 per cent of the people live in urban areas, but only 8.8 per cent are in the industrial work force; in Brazil 30 per cent live in cities but industry employs only 10 per cent. In Malaysia and Korea, two comparatively well-off Asian countries, 20 per cent live in cities but only 7 per cent work in industry.

What with explosive population growth, limits to what a modernizing agriculture can absorb, growing urban immigration, inadequate resources and lagging employment, the urbanizing experience of the poor countries is entirely different from ours. Older industrial societies like the United States are also beginning to show gathering evidence of strain, but a lot of America's troubles can be traced to the social isolation of the black minority. The mechanization of cotton in the South led to the migration to the cities of the North and West. This happened simultaneously with the exodus of whites, manufacturing industry and transport services from the cities, thanks to such things as veterans' housing, cheap post-World War II methods of construction, the Interstate Highway Act and long-term payment for cars.

When to this was added the breakup of many black

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

families as a result of Aid to Dependent Children legislation, we ended up with a whole new generation of blacks trapped in the inner city without jobs, old family relationships, contact with whites or the rural church-going cultures that prevailed in the South. The white flight to suburbia put even more importance on the car; some 56 per cent of American commuters drive themselves to work today.

The socially alienated black teenage mugger and the pollution of a car stalled in a traffic jam are twin symbols of an urban decay that led 350,000 Americans each year in 1970-73 to move back to rural areas. But, thanks to falling population growth rates and the reversal of urban migration in the United States, the dreaded mega-city no longer looks like the inevitable American future. Indeed, technology, affluence and freedom of choice may make Americans history's first people to create a rural life style not based on agriculture but rather on the revolutions in television, jet travel and telecommunications. Any comparisons between U.S. urban problems and those of the poor countries would serve only to invite recriminations and widen the world's great and growing rich-poor ideological divide.

Yet there is one important legitimate comparison and that is between the urban social alienation of the inner-city black youth and what may happen to the coming generation of poor country urban slum dwellers. A sympathetic response, whether to black American criminals or their counterparts in Djakarta or Cairo, is that poor men, unable to find work and perhaps with hungry families, can become so desperate and despairing that they sever their ethical links with their community and are capable of anything. The hostile response is to blame criminality on childhood experience, psychic debility or even derangement. The educated elites of Manila, Bombay and Washington talk about crime in almost precisely the same way.

In Morocco, I spent several months with a 38-year-old village immigrant, Barek, who was already an established figure in the Casablancan underworld. A short, muscular Arab with Negro blood, Barek had run away from his village as a boy, spent years on the docks as a shoeshine boy, sailor, vendor and stevedore and had been in and out of jail many times for being "drunken and unruly" and getting into fights with local policemen. Barek badly wanted a passport so that he could make a new life in the industries of northern France. He reached Paris, but Northern African migrant workers were no longer welcomed, and after being set upon and beaten by some unemployed French workers and becoming involved in a race riot in the Paris métro, he returned to Casablanca, drifted back into trouble and is now serving a fifteen-year prison sentence.

Clive, 28, a Washington black ex-convict who had served eleven years in prison for stealing cars, had a very similar story. Trained as a draftsman but forced to work in a laundry where he was subject to the humiliating "hurry up, boy" treatment of a white boss, he too wanted to make a new life by returning to the North Carolina village of his boyhood.

Tjasta, 32, an Indonesian rickshaw driver, migrated to Djakarta when 18 and went astray after a friend dared him to steal a watch. Caught, kicked and beaten by soldiers who ordered him to identify his accomplice, Tjasta in terror singled out an innocent bystander and was subsequently given a three-year prison sentence for giving false evidence.

In prison, he was forced to smoke morphine and heroin, gang-sodomized and tattooed on his arms and shoulders with such slogans as "Sacrifice to Love" and "The Spirit Is Cold but the Flesh Is Hot." After his release, Tjasta drifted in and out of jobs and common-law marriages, working for periods as a coolie, stevedore and rickshaw driver.

The resentment of all three men toward society and authority took the form of an intense dislike of the police. Yet all three, if extended any sympathy at all, became fiercely loyal friends and were remarkably well liked in the slum communities where they lived. Decent jobs and the promise of better futures could probably have saved them. As Clive told me of his village, "People who have homes there, they've been there for years. People still walk for miles and miles and there's cookouts and bake sales and a big club where everybody goes Saturday nights. In ten years I'd like to save enough to be out of the city. A lot of the boys feel that way."

The future of the cities in the poor countries may depend upon whether or not immigrants, faced with the congestion, pollution, claustrophobia and racial and cultural polarization of a slum environment, will crack. The World Bank has proposed a program of basic investment in human needs in the poor countries over the next ten years: $4.2 billion a year for food and nutrition, $2.5 billion for education, $2.8 billion for water supplies, $1.6 billion for urban housing, $800 million for urban transport, $600 million for population and health programs. More than $11 billion in all—not much in a world where more than $250 billion a year goes for arms.

It will help, of course, but even if the West were generous enough to give it, aid alone is no longer the entire answer. The mega-cities of the Third World are already upon us. What will really count are the intangible psychological forces that hold a village immigrant to his old customs and ties. Such men are faced with the formidable compulsions of working out new relationships, new meanings to their lives. They may come to have a nagging wonder as to what they are really living for. Or become totally alienated.

Tolstoy was not the only one who saw the distinction between life in the village and in the city as close to the primordial distinction between good and evil, between the unnaturalness and inhumanness of urbanity on the one hand and the simplicity and truth of rural life on the other. The Third World is full of men who see a return to the land as their only salvation.

Americans, with per capita incomes of $6,000 which are projected to double in the next generation, may be able to afford such a choice. The city dwellers of India, Indonesia or Egypt, who can expect income rises of no more than $10 to $20 during the rest of this century, no longer can. Whatever happens, they can't go home again. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Health Care in the Rural South

SCOTT and SUSAN GRABER

In the lower part of South Carolina there is a remnant of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, a health program that serves the 20,000 poor people who live in the marshes, mud flats and pine forests of heavily black Beaufort and Jasper Counties. Beaufort-Jasper Comprehensive Health Services is unlike any other such program in the United States. Not a part of a medical school nor associated with a large hospital, it is isolated and rural in every sense. The leadership is black, nonprofessional and native to the salt marsh. While the program means doctors, it also means false teeth, potable water and screen doors. By any standard of measurement, the program is a success.

Back in 1965, the infant mortality rate in Beaufort County was 62 per 1,000 births; today, sixteen infants per 1,000 die at birth. In 1965, one-third of the homes in Beaufort County lacked indoor plumbing; today, 16 per cent are without a tub and toilet. In a period of six years, Comprehensive Health has made a tangible difference in the quality of life for the black people of the South Carolina "low country."

But the program may starve to death. It faces a 24 per cent cut in its operating budget this year, and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare threatens another slice next year. It is obvious that neither the state nor the local governments have the inclination or wherewithal to continue the program. The demise of Comprehensive Health will mean the loss of much more than the medical services that have made the program valuable and effective. It will put an end to innovative nutrition, housing, water and transportation projects as well. HEW's concept of "basic ambulatory health care" differs from the "comprehensive" philosophy pioneered by the Office of Economic Opportunity, which funded Beaufort-Jasper Comprehensive Health at the outset. HEW is attempting to retool its approach to public health in the United States, and it means to reshape Comprehensive Health in the process.

OEO backed Beaufort-Jasper Comprehensive Health at a time when we were told we could "lick" poverty and "bring home the bacon" in Vietnam. It was a reflex action when we still believed in our reflexes. Now 20,000 people rely on that action. False teeth, indoor toilets and a job behind a desk are integral parts of the experiment. The poor are coming to look upon Comprehensive Health as a kind of subgovernment; one that employs 264 doctors, nurses, plumbers, security officers and human resource specialists. And like almost every modern government, it has grown so fast that few seem to appreciate its size or influence.

The story of the Beaufort-Jasper Center began in the spring of 1968 when a South Carolina doctor, Donald Gatch, published an article in *Esquire*. Gatch detailed the hunger, malnutrition and poverty that are indigenous to the low country. Gatch spoke of worms, hunger and feces in the back yard; of swollen bellies and tumble-down shanties. The story was picked up and retold in every major city in the United States.

The choice of Beaufort County was a remarkably good one for the media representatives who came bounding into South Carolina. Not only was there hunger, there was also wealth; Hilton Head Island and its affluent escapist population provided a nice contrast. Not only were there tapeworms, there were politicians like L. Mendel Rivers and Strom Thurmond, who could be relied upon for wonderfully insensitive remarks: "You had them [the poor] back in the days of Jesus Christ, you have got some now, and you will have some in the future." Not to be outdone, Mendel Rivers engaged in Churchillian rhetoric: "I have no intention of immortalizing poverty or dishing out food stamps."

The Beaufort-Jasper experiment was intended to see if such a program could function in isolation. It had every right to fail, if for no other reason than the lay of the land, or the lack of land. Beaufort County is actually a group of islands, a place the sea will not relinquish. But these are strange islands surrounded by water and marsh and miles of "pluff mud." Causeways link the larger islands of St. Helena and Hilton Head; but others like Daufuskie—the setting for the movie *Conrack*—remain isolated. The low country poor are not containerized. They are spread throughout the two counties. There are no obvious ghettos, no "projects," no logical place to begin.

The Marine Corps, which has two bases in Beaufort County, generates $7 out of every $10 that flow into the county's economy—thanks in part to the legendary Rivers, who was chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. The average per capita income of the military personnel—and of the civilian employees who work at Parris Island and the Marine Corps Air Station—is $4,383. The average per capita of those not affiliated with the Marines is estimated to be $2,319. In Jasper, per capita income is estimated at a dismal $1,515. These figures can be made even more depressing if the extremely affluent—living in and about Hilton Head Island—are removed from the equation.

Jasper County is doggedly making its way back to the 19th century. There has been a slow decline in population in the last ten years, and in 1974 one of the county's two "industries" (a small furniture factory) closed shop. Almost half the land mass is owned by paper companies—Continental Can, Westvaco—and private hunting clubs. These lands, mostly pine forest, produce little tax revenue. In fact, an average acre of trees in Jasper County gen-

Scott and Susan Graber live in Beaufort, S.C., where he practices law and journalism. He has contributed several articles to Osceola, *a South Carolina newsweekly. Susan Graber has taught school in the area and written a research paper on correlations between physical isolation and intelligence.* *Research for this article was funded in part by a grant from the Southern Investigative Research Project of the Southern Regional Council, Atlanta.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erates 68¢ in real estate taxes.

Before OEO gave the Beaufort-Jasper Comprehensive Health Services its first money, $654,373, it had operated out of a single decrepit station wagon. In 1971, the program got $1,776,991; it also got several new vehicles, as well as its first dentists and an environmental health section. By the end of 1971, there were four satellite clinics. By 1975, Comprehensive Health was building homes, digging wells, counseling the unemployed, repairing furniture, and organizing a store on Daufuskie Island.

Medical care is now rendered at five clinics, three in Beaufort County, two in Jasper. Each clinic has at least one doctor, as well as nurses, paramedicals and family health workers. The Central Facility at Chelsea includes a dental clinic, a pharmacy, a mental health unit and a laboratory; it also employs a full complement of insurance clerks, "manpower specialists," planners, grant getters and memo writers.

Patients are linked to the facilities by a fleet of two dozen vans and mini-buses and one surplus landing craft. People are shuttled from obscure places like Big Estate, Low Bottom and Little Snooks to the nearest clinic. The vans and buses hold the system together. They carry the program across the bridges, down the dirt roads and into the lives of people who otherwise would have little or no access to medical care.

Every morning the waiting rooms swell with black people, sitting on orange and blue plastic chairs or standing along the walls. They usually remain silent. They are processed through a receptionist, an insurance clerk, a paramedical (stethoscope around the neck), perhaps an X-ray or lab technician and, finally, a doctor. A visit usually consumes an entire morning.

That is the traditional, clinic-oriented part of Comprehensive Health. There is an essential "outreach" service as well. Evelena Glover is a typical outreach worker. She spends her days bouncing in a mini-van over the back roads that connect the small settlements on St. Helena Island. She takes blood pressure, runs urinalysis tests, changes dressings, gives children ringworm treatments. There are about five Evelena Glovers at each clinic, and each of the five sees about forty families a week.

The Community Services Department is located at a faded crossroads called Coosawhatchie. Plumbers, carpenters, back-hoes and bushhogs operate here. A large black man named Emory Campbell heads the department. "You are never going to have healthy people until they are living in a healthy environment," Campbell says. "Treating a patient for the symptoms of an illness, and not for the causes, is only prolonging an unhealthy situation."

Many people in the low country have never seen a septic tank or know what one does. Emory Campbell is on intimate terms with septic tanks—and with drain fields, "cluster wells" and asbestos shingles. He and his people are responsible for thirty-three cluster wells, serving ninety-five families who formerly carried their water home in Clorox bottles. Campbell has rebuilt roofs, toilets and screens.

With money from the federally funded National Demonstration Water Project, the program is completing a water system for the Levy-Limehouse-Bellinger Hill communities in Jasper. And with help from Clemson University, it has built three "basic home" prototypes; it plans to build fourteen of these low-cost homes in 1976.

Nutrition has always been a problem in this region. Low country people eat and drink the wrong things—rice, grits, R.C. Cola. And this diet has, by necessity, been stitched into the local landscape. Diabetes, hypertension and obesity are a common part of the setting. In April 1976, Comprehensive Health opened a nutrition center featuring a demonstration kitchen and demonstration diets. It remains to be seen if the nutrition center can persuade the people to abandon their grits and R.C., as well as their fried chicken, pigs feet and sweet potato pie.

Thomas C. Barnwell Jr., a former shrimp fisherman, is Comprehensive Health's project director. Barnwell spreads his message with evangelical intensity, and there are no Philistines in his camp. You are born again to the concept of comprehensive health care, or Barnwell shows you the door. He was born on Hilton Head Island, where for years his father owned the only truck and did a modest cartage business to and from the ferry. He left the island before developer Charles Fraser made it a symbol of the New South, with condominiums, tennis courts and pastel cabanas. Says Mary King, formerly a consultant with OEO, "We knew we had something special in Tom Barnwell. With a lot of our local people we had a 'push-me pull-you' relationship, but not with Tom. It was only a question of supporting his decisions."

Barnwell has been a controversial director. At the outset of his directorship, he screwed up his courage and bellowed at "Fritz" Hollings (the junior Senator from South Carolina): "There has been too much talking and not enough action. If you have come down here just to talk, you might just as well forget it." Later, sensing that publicity from the Gatch article had wounded local pride, Barnwell began to forge relationships with anyone who would listen to his story. John West, former Governor of South Carolina, came to Beaufort. So did Jimmy Carter, then Governor of Georgia. "Tom has an incredible intensity," says Mary King. "And he was smart enough to understand that he needed people like Strom Thurmond."

In 1969, Barnwell fell in love with a white VISTA volunteer from Iowa. While the romance was not easy for the white community to swallow, for many blacks it was totally incomprehensible. "They gonna hang you, son," said Hannah Barnwell. "No black man is goin' to marry no white woman in this county."

While this debate was in progress, Barnwell was sucked into a power struggle. Another local black, William Grant, saw the opportunities inherent in becoming the medical messiah to the poor in the two counties. As chairman of the Comprehensive Health Board, he practiced a day-to-day supervision that made Barnwell extremely uncomfortable. They fought over policy, over money, and ultimately over Barnwell's infatuation with the VISTA volunteer, Susan Carter.

Grant and his board would argue over such matters as the distance between Barnwell's desk and Ms. Carter's desk. The board changed Ms. Carter's title, then transferred her to the Coosawatchie satellite clinic. Barnwell counterattacked, publicly questioning Grant's frequent trips and his personal use of agency vehicles. He went on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to question Grant's competence and his right to run the agency.

In the end William Grant was forced out. Thomas Barnwell and Susan Carter were married in 1970 before the apprehensive probate judge in Beaufort County's picturesque courthouse. Despite Hannah Barnwell's warning, the marriage took hold, and the Iowa farm girl has given stability and foundation to Barnwell's frenetic existence.

One of Barnwell's headaches has been his inability to hold on to his doctors. Part of the problem is the long hours; sometimes a physician will see thirty-five or forty patients in a day. Lack of administrative support is also a factor. Nearly every doctor who has left Comprehensive Health has complained that he could not get a letter typed or an X-ray forwarded to Charleston. One doctor, who had repeatedly requested a key to the records room without getting any results, finally kicked the door apart. Whatever the reasons, none of the doctors has remained with the program any longer than his obligation demanded.

It is a difficult situation. The doctors are isolated in small communities that offer little, if anything, in the way of diversion. No colleagues to talk with; no Wednesday golf; no participation in the fine arts; only an endless round of sick people. A doctor may arrive with enthusiasm and goodness in his heart, but he knows he could be making $15,000 to $20,000 a year more in private practice somewhere else. Comprehensive Health's official position does not help. As Wallace Brown, the project's administrator, puts it, "Doctors are purely technicians. They are not expected to become involved in the agency's policy making."

Often overlooked, in evaluating a program like Comprehensive Health, is the extent to which it has given local blacks both the desire and the skills with which to perform managerial functions. (In the generations before the program, blacks held almost no jobs above the blue-collar level in Beaufort and Jasper Counties.) For example, Comprehensive Health removed Evelena Glover, the St. Helena outreach worker, from a tedious, unproductive life and kept her in South Carolina. At least in this one area, the program has helped to combat the tendency of poor blacks to get the hell out of the South.

Paul Keyserling

Outreach Worker at Typical Low Country Home

Blacks began to leave Beaufort County in 1890. At first only a few left the "islands," restless people who wanted a little excitement. But word that one could make $5 or $6 a day in New York City spread quickly and the race to Harlem was on. Between 1920 and 1930 more than 70,000 blacks pulled out of South Carolina, migrating up the eastern seaboard to Philadelphia, New York and Boston. This exodus stripped the South of much of its prospective black leadership. Many blacks who wanted to be managers—who would eventually succeed in "the system"—left home.

When OEO started Comprehensive Health, it wanted local blacks to run it. Of course, there were no Harvard Business School graduates among the black population. There were shrimpers (like Barnwell) and farmers and teachers and folders of laundry at Parris Island. Few of these people had more than a high school diploma. Although he has taken numerous college courses, Barnwell has no degree; nor does Wally Brown or Hyland Davis, who is head of the water project. There is very little management experience.

Yet the nature of the work has inevitably created a small middle class in the Beaufort-Jasper black communities. No longer is a black man limited to the cotton field or the Parris Island laundry. No longer is the black funeral director the top of the line. The agency pays its insurance director $13,000. It pays the data processing director $10,000. A personnel resource specialist makes $13,000, and its director of finance, $16,000. These middle-management jobs have, by and large, been held by blacks, and some of the "managers" are now moving from Comprehensive Health into the local economy. The program's black attorney was recently hired by a white law firm in Beaufort.

The blacks who run Comprehensive Health seem to understand that this is their main chance and that they themselves must find the solutions to the project's problems. They must deal with the prevailing HEW policy that would strike "comprehensive" from the project's title, give ambulatory health care, and leave all the rest—screen doors, septic tanks, furniture repair—to somebody else, or to nobody at all.

Bob Williams, an official at HEW's regional office in Atlanta, is soft-spoken and articulate. He serves as liaison between three health programs in South Carolina and the regional office. "Congress cut our budget by $45 million," Williams begins. "We decided . . . this office decided to make a 24 per cent cut across the board. We're not going after Barnwell, or Barnwell's program. We cut everybody in the region.

"I think most of the programs will make it. They may

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have to trim a little administrative fat, but they'll survive. Most of the programs will still be able to deliver basic ambulatory health care."

What about the other, less basic items that Comprehensive Health provides? Williams picks his words with obvious care. "We are in the business of providing doctors, nurses, dentists and outreach people. We do not hire . . . we don't fund carpenters, electricians or people like that. We believe that there are other agencies that are more logical places to pick up this kind of money."

But the people in Beaufort-Jasper wonder about the future. Does this mean that HEW won't fund the transportation program in the future?

"I didn't say that. We are suggesting . . . we actually began suggesting three years ago that Comprehensive Health look around for other means of support." Williams is especially careful here. "HEW cannot fund this agency forever."

HEW is not happy funding "in-hospital care." Nor does it like funding the buses and vans that shuttle the poor to and from the clinics. Although HEW has agreed to pay the salaries of the program's environmental health staff, it will not pay for any of the materials that they use. HEW will not buy boards or pipe or toilet bowls. The hush-puppied and seersuckered folk at HEW are suggesting alternative sources of funds, such as the Environmental Protection Agency.

"We went over to the EPA," notes Emory Campbell, "and they tossed this funding literature at us. I couldn't find the words *septic tank* anywhere. Those guys [EPA officials] must assume that everyone has a sewage line at his disposal."

Neither Beaufort nor Jasper will finance the digging of a well, although the health departments will tell you the required distance between the "contemplated well" and the "contemplated septic tank." Neither county can provide money for home repairs or help untangle the complex local title problems that make home improvement loans very difficult to obtain.

"The Farmers Home [Department of Agriculture] won't lend you money unless you make $3,600 a year," Campbell continues. "My God, most of the people we need to reach make $2,300 or less."

It is not any easy job explaining HEW's "back-to-basics" philosophy to St. Helena farmer John Boles. He knows only that his tap water is no longer salty. Neither is it easy to explain the 24 per cent cut in the budget to Lymus Green, also a farmer, who has a roof that no longer leaks when a thunderhead blows off St. Helena Sound. Wally Brown, project administrator, is not happy with HEW. "They cannot dictate our goals and objectives," Brown declares. "They are hired to carry out the intent of Congress. They do not have the final word; the people have the final word."

If "the people" are to have the final word, then Barnwell and Brown must prevail upon Strom Thurmond to level his Senatorial sights on HEW's Atlanta hierarchy. Improbable as it may seem, Thurmond, the Dixiecrat, has come to Barnwell's rescue at least twice. He kept the agency funded when it was making difficult passage from the crumbling auspices of OEO to a reluctant HEW; Thurmond also kept the agency's transportation system intact when the General Services Administration tried to disperse the fleet of vans. Senator Hollings has been equally generous with his influence. He restored thousands of dollars that had been cut from the 1974 budget. Even the local politicians—the same who were mortified by the Gatch revelations—have helped in recent years. Political realities probably explain this phenomenon; the black vote is now something to be reckoned with in the South. Thurmond, after all, has a politician's sense of loyalty, an undiluted sense of obligation to his constituency. Barnwell and Comprehensive Health are now perceived as constituency. Mendel Davis, the successor to Mendel Rivers in the U.S. House, says he admires Barnwell. "The most persistent man I have ever met," Davis calls him. "He is constantly calling me or my staff. Constantly writing, keeping us abreast of legislation. Persistence is the word that keeps coming to mind."

Like Donald Gatch, Tom Barnwell knows the market value of guilt. When Barnwell testified before McGovern's Select Committee on Nutrition, he discovered what guilt would buy. In 1968 it bought him the basic tools with which to build Comprehensive Health. Today, when Nixon, Lockheed, Gulf and the CIA have diluted our capacity for guilt, Barnwell must be more subtle when trading in this commodity. But as an advocate of the poor he understands that it is an important tool.

If Barnwell is to keep Comprehensive Health truly comprehensive, he must also become a capitalist. He must make it function as Lee Iacocca makes Ford Motors function. Specifically, the program must collect every dollar it can collect from the patients themselves. In requiring Comprehensive Health to offer its services to the entire community, HEW ordered it to adopt a "sliding fee scale" determined by an individual's ability to pay. But determining income was easier in theory than in practice. The current method is simply to ask the patient what he or she earns (no verification is required). Wally Brown admits there are difficulties. "The fee scale is not working. We are not even making 50 per cent of the money we thought we would make."

Because of Thomas Barnwell and his team of secular evangelists, Beaufort and Jasper are no longer on the bottom of every statistical list. In fact, Beaufort County now has the lowest rate of infant mortality in South Carolina, and Jasper has the third lowest. In 1970, mental patients from Beaufort were being returned to the state hospital in Columbia for further treatment at the rate of fifteen per month; that rate has been reduced by one-third.

Despite the economic threats, some officials at Comprehensive Health are optimsitic. "I think that a moderate or liberal President could change the picture," says Louis Dore, director of personnel. "I think someone like a Udall or even a Carter would restore funds to the agency. We'll just have to wait and see."

Meanwhile, Tom Barnwell camps in the halls of Congress. He tells his story, the only story he knows or cares about, to Thurmond and Hollings and anyone else he can find in the Rayburn or Dirksen Office Buildings. He doesn't bellow any longer. The new Barnwell is quiet and intense, and he is no longer limited to guilt. He now has another product that is equally salable. He can sell success. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Our Puritan Unconscious

THE PURITAN ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN SELF. *By Sacvan Bercovitch. Yale University Press. 205 pp. $15.*

ORMOND SEAVEY

Americans expect a great deal of personal meaning from the natural world. "Some certain significance lurks in all things," declared Melville, "else all things are little worth." This is an extraordinary demand. For Melville and his countrymen the world must be a constellation of symbols, with discoverable meanings for the intent observer. The self-centeredness of this demand is peculiar to Americans, who characteristically insist that the universe should make itself relevant to each of them. Nowhere else is a single person's individual experience considered to be of such absolute importance.

Symbolism has involved for American writers more than a literary technique. The very fate of the nation seems to rest on the discovery of the certain significance in things. According to Sacvan Bercovitch it was the Puritans who inspired this national need to make symbols. In *The Puritan Origins of the American Self* Bercovitch traces the national self-centeredness back to the extraordinary beliefs of the first settlers of New England. The Puritans took it into their heads that they were God's chosen people, designated to bring in the millennium through their acts of collective piety. The country which they inadvertently founded has never completely recovered from that first exhilarating delusion.

The Puritan Origins of the American Self is an important book because it proposes a major reinterpretation of the beginnings of American life. It does not merely expand on the work of Perry Miller, whose brilliant exposition of Puritan doctrine remains standard. Bercovitch is less concerned with doctrine than with imagination. No one before ever attributed any imaginative potential to the Puritans. According to Bercovitch, they seem to have had perhaps too much.

Ormond Seavey is the managing editor of The Little Magazine *and is completing a book on Benjamin Franklin.*

Perry Miller's magisterial work, *The New England Mind,* set out to explore the complex and forgotten features of a great intellectual synthesis. Puritanism flourished amidst a curious mélange of leftover medieval concepts such as the faculty psychology of the scholastics, and makeshift Renaissance renovations like Ramist logic. Miller's exposition of the Puritan mind necessarily focused on its unrecoverable pastness. In the very act of exhuming Puritanism Miller demonstrated how dead it was. To be sure, Miller added that a remnant of the intellectual rigor of the first Puritans survived in Jonathan Edwards. Again, something of their spirit surfaced in the 19th century, transformed by Emerson. But the burden of Miller's *New England Mind* was the unfolding of an ideological tragedy, the gradual disintegration of a noble structure of ideas. The leading Puritan ministers became a tight-minded and self-serving clique; the people turned away from the exacting faith to pursue mercantile prosperity. Cotton Mather became for Miller the emblem of Puritan decline, a pathetic, gibbering, self-centered irrelevancy, dwarfed by his greater ancestors. Bercovitch's treatment of Mather marks a quiet but deliberate revision of the older tradition. Mather becomes for Bercovitch the hero in a narrative of continuities. A figure midway between the first Puritans and their 19th-century descendants, Mather sought to perpetuate the modes of belief which we have all inherited.

Formally, but also somewhat loosely, *The Puritan Origins of the American Self* is an exegesis of Mather's "Life of John Winthrop," a biography of the first governor of Massachusetts. The biography appears in Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana,* a monumental collection of biographies which together constitute a history of New England. By concentrating on the "Life of Winthrop," Bercovitch tries to recover a mode of perceiving history and psychology which has become reflexive and unconscious in American experience. Mather calls Winthrop the American Nehemiah; like the first Nehemiah, Winthrop was the leader of his people from exile into the promised land. Winthrop is also compared to an array of past worthies in sacred and secular history. What may appear to be merely the rhetorical embellishments of a eulogist Bercovitch sees as a systematic attempt to make Winthrop's life a fulfillment of past history and an epitome of his nation's destiny.

The "Life of Winthrop" is a biographical essay about a Protestant saint. As a genre, Protestant saints' lives differed from the Catholic tradition, and the differences derive from the new Protestant conception of the self. For the Catholic saint, the Church stood at hand to direct his beliefs and correct his errors. The contented dependence of Dante was possible because so much was available to depend on. The Protestant saint, unable to rely on the supernatural mediation of a monolithic institution, had to transform his own personal experience by himself according to the example of Scripture. He was charged with rooting out his own sinful nature, yet he was plunged into utter self-absorption by the necessity of looking so anxiously into his own heart. Winthrop underwent such tortured self-searching almost to the hour of his death, Mather records approvingly.

But Winthrop's biography is also expected to serve as history, not merely the history of Massachusetts Bay but the history of the City of God on earth. The Puritans had inherited the distinction between providential and redemptive history. Providential history records the inevitable rise and fall of persons and nations; it is full of lessons, but its meanings are confined to the fallen world. Redemptive history records the achievement of God's kingdom on earth, the invisible progress of an incomprehensible plan. But the American Puritans did not believe God's plan incomprehensible. They asserted that the settling of New England was an event in redemptive history, the last event in a cosmic scheme. For the Puritans America was both a physical place covered with trees, rocks, and Indians and a sacred site foretold in Scripture. As the American Nehemiah, Winthrop was not merely a derivative version of a greater original. He was performing Nehemiah's role in the new drama of sacred history which was being played out in America.

Bercovitch argues that this convergence of physical and spiritual realities in a specific physical place affected the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way these radical Protestants perceived the world around them. Since Scripture had promised them this land, they looked about them with a strained intensity. They urgently needed to perceive in the physical world the corroboration of a divine calling. Out of this obsessive quest for seeing the spiritual in the physical developed the characteristic mode of American symbolism. Ishmael brooding over the whiteness of the whale, Hawthorne and Hester Prynne transfixed by the ambiguities of the scarlet "A," Thoreau converting Walden Pond into an emblem of heaven—all of these purported discoveries of symbolic meaning thus derive from the Puritans and their attempts to turn America into the hallowed scene of the millennium. It is significant, therefore, that American symbolism did not begin as the happy creation of some master artist but as a body of doctrine which demanded certain perceptions.

If so, then Puritanism can perhaps also provide the terms in which American symbolism can be best described. The Puritans were obsessed with problems of interpretation. Bercovitch's book seeks in part to explore these problems in order to adapt Puritan modes of interpretation to American literature. Typology, the maniacally intricate relationship discovered between the life of Christ and the history of the church, offered a system of interlocking meanings which might be expanded beyond the Bible to cover the experiences of God's chosen people in New England. The Bible had to be personally relevant to each believer, and everyone was to read it in his own light. Yet competing interpretations would threaten the unity of the community and hence its divine calling. These problems of interpretation, which originally applied to the Bible, became later on problems in the interpretation of nature. (Certainly part of the impulse behind the American conservation movement has been the feeling that by destroying nature man was desecrating a sacred text.) These continuities from the Puritans suggest that the American imagination is basically concerned with religious questions, however ready it is to translate those questions into the languages of art or politics.

Bercovitch himself does not explicitly make such an assertion. He seems to speak from inside the house of doctrine and interpretation which he has reconstructed. The complexity of this book may mislead readers into thinking it only a scholarly monograph. Puritan hermeneutics is a difficult subject, and Bercovitch has made few allowances for the frailty of his readers. And because he is acting as the exegete of Puritan doctrine, Bercovitch does not pause to consider the nearly impossible psychic demands which that doctrine made upon its believers.

It is not easy, after all, to be God's darlings. The writers of the American Renaissance knew how difficult it is to sustain the symbolic perceptions so urgently required. When the reader examines the Puritan American house Bercovitch has reconstructed for him, it looks about as sturdy as the House of Usher. Throughout the 17th century the Puritans debated over whereabouts in New England the Second Coming would take place! It was on the basis of such delusions that the nation was founded.

The Puritan delusion has persisted as a tenet in our politics and in our criticism. When the boundaries between the spiritual and the physical are destroyed, the act of writing about the world takes on a religious significance. Literature before served only to teach and to delight; thenceforth it must redeem us from every human weakness. Serious students of literature in America characteristically assume that the expounding of literary meaning is somehow a priestly function. They qualify themselves to approach the text by cleansing their minds of any meddlesome interest in the sacred personality of the author or in the local connections which bind the text to the fallen world. What were once principles of Biblical exegesis became the dogmas of the New Criticism.

Much of the critical activity going on today has been conducted in a confusion of half-believed methodologies. The critic puts together a little structuralism here, a little Marxism there, dips the whole thing quickly in Freud and then presents the product to the reader. The Puritan methodology which Bercovitch has revived can make no claim any more to our belief, but its terms of discourse are at least consistent. And they have had a long life, through various historical translations. *The Puritan Origins of the American Self* does much to explain how we got here and how our literature came to be as it is. Bercovitch, however, is curiously reticent about whether the excitements of this national self-centeredness are worth the necessary effort of will. As for the great works of American symbolism, is their value enhanced or cheapened by association with their curious Puritan ancestors?

The Puritan Origins of the American Self seems to be a preliminary statement in a larger examination of basic cultural and literary problems in America. It is thus hard to judge by itself, and Bercovitch does not clearly foreshadow what is to follow or what conclusions he will draw. There are times in this book when he seems to draw close to an enthusiasm for these strange Puritans; at other times he presents their efforts deadpan. The process of re-evaluating the Puritans is a continuous one. By now we know that the Puritans were not puritanical in the vulgar sense; they drank, copulated, and cavorted as much as we do. On a more basic level, though, I think we must experience a complex mixture of feelings about the Puritans, and the complexity is deepened when we consider that we are what they left behind. □

Lament for a City and for Us

LOST CHICAGO. *By David Lowe. Houghton, Mifflin Co. 241 pp. $20.*

MELVIN BUXBAUM

David Lowe's *Lost Chicago* is a prose poem for a city that has more than once been destroyed and perhaps will not soon recover its greatness of spirit and beauty. A Chicagoan now living in New York, Lowe is thoroughly steeped in the lore of Chicago. His commentary, therefore, is no mere adjunct to the many splendid photographs and drawings in this book but an authoritative, intelligent, perceptive and quite provocative history and interpretation of the significance of the rise and decline of the prototypical American city. From such hardy founders as Marquette, Ouilmette, the Kinzies and Guordon S. Hubbard to the present—a period of about three centuries—we follow Lowe in tracing a history whose significance extends beyond that of Chicago and, in fact, reveals many elements of our national greatness and wantonness.

As everyone knows, much of Chicago was destroyed in the Great Fire. As we learn, though, its destructiveness is a metaphor for the way Chicagoans have treated their great buildings. With an anger that is personal rather than professional, Lowe attacks the city's prodigality in demolishing its architectural heritage. This is an important point, for the architecture of a city is its living history, its commitment to continuity, its recognition of past aspira-

Melvin Buxbaum's latest book is Benjamin Franklin and the Zealous Presbyterians *(Pennsylvania State University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions and struggles, its appreciation of achievement, its guide to the future. By these standards Chicago lives almost always in a present that is without antecedents and thus steers a lonely, uncharted course into its future aided only by extreme good fortune in its location, historical events and the genius of some of its citizens—particularly its architects.

Building, tearing down, and building again—this has nearly always been the story of Chicago, a couple of important decades excepted. The demon Destruction swept before its mindless advance the fruits of the city's first growth from the mid-1830s to about 1860. Then its soaring population was accommodated by a pleasant Greek Revival architecture. Even at this early time, though, Chicago became home to some outstanding buildings. Such edifices as the palatial Tremont House, the Mayor Ogden mansion and the new Court House helped put the city on the map and made it respected. Furthermore, the architects designed with people in mind. While everyone wanted to promote growth and make money, there was also a keen desire to fashion a city that would be a lovely place in which to live. None of the outstanding buildings of this period were preserved.

They were destroyed when the railroads dictated the need for a more expansive architecture to house the population and business of a rapidly developing city. Beginning at about the time of the Civil War, the new buildings, often Gothic, bore testimony to Chicago's emerging greatness and aspirations. Lowe argues that if the structures were still influenced by Europe, they were nevertheless designed also to meet the needs of tens of thousands of recent immigrants struggling to learn democracy and who put their impress on the city's institutions as they became Americans. All elements of society made their contribution, and the names of "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, George Pullman, Stephen Douglas, Lincoln, Cyrus McCormick and Marshall Field mix easily in the history of Chicago.

The melting pot spirit was not destroyed by the fire, and a new, greater city emerged from the ashes of the old one. Local architects loomed increasingly important to the city which now became the site of the first Palmer House, the Windemere West and Windemere East, splendid hotels which expressed elegance and confidence. There were other outstanding buildings as well, and one of the most remarkable, William Le Baron Jenny's Home Insurance Company. His success inspired a young architect in his office, the great Louis Sullivan, who later formed a happy partnership with Dankmar Adler, thus giving rise to the Chicago School of architecture. The Sullivan-Adler buildings were aesthetic and acoustical masterpieces, and perhaps their greatest achievement is the Auditorium Building which still stands on Congress Street and Michigan Avenue. At present it houses Roosevelt University, which has restored the magnificent Auditorium Theatre.

It is especially appropriate that Roosevelt University occupies the building. Sullivan was a staunch democrat who created architecture that, in his words, was "for Democracy, not for Imperialism." The University was founded in 1945 in a successful effort to provide educational opportunities to groups that had been denied them because of race or religion. Sullivan would be happy with the building's present tenant, and Lowe must be also. He clearly comes out in favor of democracy in architecture and in our daily lives. His heroes are the Chicago School and their disciples who were dedicated to making beautiful buildings for the people to enjoy. This was not only the creed of the Chicago School but it was the goal and spirit of the city—and once of the nation.

Eventually, though, native imperialism, Eastern capitalism, made its presence felt in Chicago and changed it for the worse. Even while Sullivan was proclaiming the virtues of egalitarianism and building monuments to it, Daniel Burnham, the chief villain in this book, was sounding its death knell. Chief planner of Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893, he called for an architecture and city planning that divided America into two classes: capitalists and workers. To express this ideology Burnham turned to a New York architect, Charles B. Atwood, whose White City, subsuming the democratic spirit of Chicago to Eastern and European aristocratic notions with its Beaux-Arts style, ushered in Chicago's Second City Complex. It is significant that the exposition occurred at the time of some of the most flagrant abuses of and attacks on uncontrolled capitalism. Lowe hits hard at Burnham's anti-democratic ideals, his love of bigness and commerce and his penchant for things Italian and French built at the expense of the common people and for the gratification of the rich, few of whom were democratic. While the Chicago School, guided by the genius of Frank Lloyd Wright, persisted and turned out some of its greatest monuments for another twenty years, the Beaux-Arts style and mentality prevailed. And its victory was insured by national politics.

Progressive, democratic and anti-war Chicago saw little need for America's involvement in World War I and was looked on with suspicion by Eastern bankers and their customary political allies in Washington. It was, Lowe asserts, only with the greatest reluctance that the city went to war—and once it was over tried to forget the slaughter by indulging in a kind of fantasy architecture. The Drake Hotel, the Wrigley Building and the Tribune Building, among others, constituted another architectural and philosophical betrayal of the city's ideals in favor of those of Burnham and Europe. Architecturally, Chicago was lapsing into aesthetic ideals reminiscent of the becolumned Berlin that Albert Speer designed for Hitler to celebrate Greek and Roman inequality. Chicago paid dearly for this betrayal, as it succumbed to a native version of dictatorship: rule by the mob. The city that once boasted of its architects, reformers and writers now extolled the virtues of Al Capone, who benevolently set up a soup kitchen for the unemployed during the depression. It is clear to Lowe that this slavish acceptance of the likes of Capone had its roots in the Burnham philosophy. About the only bright spot for the city during the decades between the wars was its Century of Progress Exposition in 1933. While it failed to revitalize the Loop and its economy, the exposition nevertheless proved that new democratic architectural forces were waiting to emerge again, given the right climate. Although Chicago has since had outstanding architects, Lowe contends that the climate is not yet right and may not be so for some time. He finds proof for this gloomy assessment in the city's newer buildings, such as the John Hancock Building, which towers over the city and creates a long, dark shadow. This structure expresses bigness rather than fullness of mind and soul. It is just one of many similar buildings that reveal a spiritual and

THE FLYING STARS, THE TERRIBLE WHITE ROSE

I was a knot on an endless string;
you were a cloud without any edges.
My life had frozen in place,
the wind stiff on my pillow.
Let's sleep here, you said,
with the flying stars, the terrible white rose.

I was home in the ordinary way
from a poisonous trip, simple at last,
free for your restless hair. Our shadows
slid on the grass; we carried the rain
in our hands, kept a watch on the temple
of birds that gleamed in the sky.

Let's move in, you said, so we did.
We crept to a hill to hide, lay
in our borrowed hole for a while.
Oh, for a ship, for a sail, for a hand!
For a voice, for a touch, for you,
for the flying stars, the terrible white rose.

Naomi Lazard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political malaise. Implicit throughout *Lost Chicago* is an appeal for all Americans to make our cities once more good and beautiful places in which to work and live, to take control of our shaky democracy, of our very lives.

This is a moving argument and one to be taken seriously. Nevertheless, there are points with which one must disagree. Far too much has been destroyed in Chicago, to be sure. Yet the restless energy that insists on destruction also builds anew. If the new buildings reflect only a desire for monetary gain, why blame the energy? Blame, rather —and change—the conditions that permit, even encourage, junk to overwhelm quality. And, of course, one can argue (an architect did just this a number of years ago on an FM radio program in Chicago) that it is unwise, undemocratic and stultifying to preserve buildings, even lovely ones, once they have outlived their practical usefulness. There must be room for the new. This view clearly does not exhaust the issue, but it is one that Lowe might well have considered.

Then, too, is Lowe fair to Burnham? The evil this man did is justly condemned; the good is nowhere to be discovered in *Lost Chicago*. One does not have to be an aristocrat to appreciate the fact that Burnham did put the railroads in their place, design the lakefront, insist on open spaces and make a variety of contributions to the city.

Finally, for so impassioned a democrat, Lowe is surprisingly willing to praise the homes of the few rich, in addition to a relatively small number of public buildings, and ignore the dwellings of the working poor and those under even them, the plain desperate. Their homes had charm only to those who did not have to live in them. Moreover, how often did the poor get a chance to visit the great mansions that graced Lake Shore Drive and other areas of the city and suburbs? How often did they visit the great public buildings to enjoy their artistry after working a sixty- or seventy-hour week for the people who owned so many of the best buildings and homes? We must demand, love and preserve great buildings, but great buildings for people of all economic levels.

That there are matters for debate in this book is a tribute to Lowe, for he has treated his subject and readers seriously and respectfully. Further, I am confident that other readers—and he deserves a great many—will also feel that their quarrels are not half so important as Lowe's history and argument. After all, Lowe tells us that the decline in architectural greatness reveals political, spiritual and cultural decline, an absence of unity and of positive purpose that leads to control by gangsters and Philistines. Consider how many of the great Chicago buildings have been destroyed since the advent of Richard J. Daley and his administration, the people who tried to silence Senator Ribicoff in one way and the demonstrators in another while it promised delegates to the Democratic Convention to "subject" them to Chicago hospitality, 1968 vintage. The convention, the riots, the Hancock Building—they do indeed seem to belong together. □

MORNING SONG

Love, we have lain awake all night
talking of aubades, *in this country*
where lovers died to live. Our moment fails
outside the stone home. Morning,
and cocks whistle "La Marseillaise."

Dense ghosts crowd the sense
that would see things whole:
where that day waned, our air is flung
with forms that change;
we burn on air as fire feeds and kills,
as water becomes ice or vapor,
as sun moves all things,
we manage mountains,
altering horizons.

Yet even here,
the limestone rocks are skulls,
the river we cannot see
sings us awake. Your face broods
across olive wood.

Love, like these ancient trees
we stand apart
but meet and bend
then gaze out at the world
in the same way.

Grace Schulman

Montreal Panorama

SMITH'S MONTREAL. *By Desmond Smith. Alfred A. Knopf. (Published simultaneously in Canada by Random House of Canada Limited.) 300 pp. Paper $4.95.*

WILLIAM BORDERS

As more and more Americans are discovering, one of the world's most appealing cities lies just 40 miles above the Canadian border, an easy six-hour drive, or an hour's flight from New York City. A delightfully cosmopolitan blend of French *joie de vivre,* North American technology and Canadian calm, Montreal has something to appeal to any traveler's taste. And this year, from July 17 to August 1, it also has the 1976 Summer Olympic Games. Whether you will be among the thousands of people drawn to Montreal by the games, or among the thousands who make it a point to stay away during those two weeks, and visit some other time, you should not make the trip without *Smith's Montreal,* a marvelously complete and sensible guidebook that does justice to this graceful and historic Queen of the St. Lawrence.

Desmond Smith, a Montreal-based executive of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, whose first book, based on his experience as a foreign correspondent, was *Smith's Moscow,* has written an unusually comprehensive guide to Canada's largest city, covering everything that the visitor should see and do, whether his visit lasts a weekend or a month or two. With a sprightly writing style and a nice touch for history, sociology and current events, Smith places Montreal properly in its Canadian context as well as explaining its role as the second-largest French-speaking city in the world. The walking tours, the churches, the *haute cuisine,* hotels and travel tips are as complete as any visitor could demand.

But for a former resident, loving the city as most Montrealers honestly do, the chief value of the book seems to lie in the fact that it also sets out to tell the tourist just what it is that people who live there like about the place —how the Montrealer spends his Saturday mornings in the summer, or the clear, brittle winter evenings when a foot of snow crunches underfoot, where he shops, rides his bicycle, dances and skis, and where he goes for spaghetti or egg rolls when there is no more than a couple of dollars in the pocket of his jeans.

The boutiques Smith lists are the ones really favored by the upper-crust Westmount chic set; his discothèques are accurately categorized according to the age group, the dancing style and even the sexual preference of the regular patrons; the section on pubs could only have been the product of hours of pleasant research. It may seem bizarre to recommend a fish market as a tourist attraction, but Waldman's ("No matter how odd, if it swims, Waldman's

William Borders, once a Montrealer, is Bureau Chief for The New York Times *in New Delhi, India.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has it") is a perfect suggestion. Smith properly leads the visitors not only through the downtown and the lovely, if a bit too neat, quarter known as "Old Montreal" but also through the yeastier neighborhoods of the city's enormous Italian minority and the Orthodox Jews described by Mordecai Richler in *St. Urbain's Horseman* and *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz.*

To be sure, some of the information seems to have been included largely to show off the breadth of the author's familiarity with his hometown. Can any guidebook reader really need to be told where to get ears pierced, or be tattooed or learn to fly an airplane? And it does seem a bit unlikely that many readers would be inclined to spend their nights at the Salvation Army Men's Residence ("for men who are stranded in Montreal").

Smith's Montreal includes a 64-page guide to the Olympic Games, in which you can learn such things as who won the bronze medal for women's archery in 1972, with a space for you to write in who wins it this year. The Olympic section has a detailed schedule of events, a history of the games and a good bit of basic and very specific information on tickets, parking space ("severely limited"), and who's expected to win what —all must reading for Olympic enthusiasts. Perhaps it is not the function of a guidebook, but it does seem a shame that this one does not even touch on the local controversy surrounding the games, especially as their cost has skyrocketed to $1 billion, all spent for the grandeur of Mayor Jean Drapeau's Montreal.

Similarly, Smith might be faulted in other chapters for loving Montreal too much. Though it obviously is not the purpose of a guidebook to denigrate its subject, the "magnificents" and "extraordinarys" are sometimes overdone. For example, the Montreal Métro, the city's clean and efficient subway system, is indeed imaginatively decorated with original art, each station individually designed. But to call it "an incredible underground art gallery" seems excessive.

By the same token, it is fair enough to credit Mayor Drapeau with his single-minded devotion to making Montreal the first city in the world. But, for balance, it might have been well to mention the fact that many Montrealers blame the Mayor's enchantment with such showy prestige projects as the Olympics for the fact that theirs is one of the largest cities in the developed world that still has almost no sewage treatment facilities, dumping nearly all its sewage completely raw into the St. Lawrence (which is why, as Smith cautions in his useful section on sports, "the St. Lawrence is not clean enough to swim in").

A word must be said about the illustrations—dozens of charming line drawings done by the author, some covering a full page, others tucked into a corner, like a glass of wine in the "Restaurants" section, and a cheerful-looking mailbox next to the paragraph that reminds visitors not to use American postage stamps in Canada. The most lavish is an excellent full-color panorama on the cover, which gives the flavor of the city without taking itself too seriously. But my favorite is the one that introduces the section on language—a typical Montreal cabdriver kicking one of his tires as he swears at the malfunctioning car in the wonderfully earthy *joual* dialect of the Québecois: *Calice! Ciboire! Hostie!* The words mean chalice, ciborium and Host and, as Smith explains, they reflect the habit in Quebec French of swearing with words drawn from the obligatory Sunday morning service.

The book does well with language, explaining the whole subject's importance to the Montrealer, and making the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good point that the French spoken by the upper classes, in contrast to the juicy street dialect, approximates the way it is spoken in France. There is also a very useful section on "Basic Menu French," which will get the reader through any French menu he is likely to come across, in Montreal or elsewhere.

Food is a passion with Montrealers, who discuss sauces and soufflés as devotedly as New Yorkers talk about their apartments. *Smith's Montreal* grants the subject its due, with detailed reviews of sixty restaurants, in all price categories, and passing mentions of others as well. No one would agree 100 per cent with another person's ratings, which is why Montrealers, with so much culinary excellence to choose from, spend so much time discussing restaurants. But Smith's selection will lead the visitor to many happy hours at table.

Other useful sections include a 22-page chapter on Quebec City, with the sound advice that the Montreal visitor should try hard to include this old and picturesque provincial capital on his itinerary, and an unusually comprehensive chapter on "Children's Montreal," a particularly good idea in the case of a city so accessible to American population centers by automobile. Because the book is well-indexed and has a good number of cross references, it is easy to find one's way around in. It has prices, phone numbers and credit-card information, and half a dozen very clear maps, some of them with suggested walking tours.

A perfect introduction for the first-timer in Montreal, as well as a friendly companion for one who has long been a Montrealer, at least in spirit, *Smith's Montreal* is an excellent guide to the city's charms. If you are planning a trip, the book will be invaluable, and if you are not, it might change your mind. □

The Psychology of Common Sense

HARRY STACK SULLIVAN: The Man and His Work. *By A.H. Chapman. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 280 pp. $8.95.*

MARTIN LEBOWITZ

The Freudians' intense hostility to Harry Stack Sullivan was based chiefly on the fact that he repudiated sex (along with dreams and free association) as fundamental explanatory principles; it was also partly related to Sullivan's rejection of every dogmatic theoretical premise. The author of this book observes that there was something symbolic in the psychiatrist's wish to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery upon his untimely death in 1949 at the age of 57 (he had served as a captain in World War I). His scientific attitudes were notably pragmatic, empirical and indeed unsophisticated by the European standards which dominated psychiatric thinking during his lifetime; the American adherents of Freud and Jung, for example, felt that the specifically scientific contribution of psychology to human understanding consists of some insight or hypothesis not necessarily consistent with common sense. Hence the importance of the unconscious mind to their interpretations of behavior, the "unconscious" being precisely the assumption that allowed them to generalize in paradoxical terms about human nature.

Sullivan, by comparison, appears to be an advocate of common sense. Chapman notes the deficiencies of Sullivan's education: he was expelled from Cornell College after his second semester for failing every course, and he graduated in 1917 from one of those tawdry, commercial medical schools, now obsolete, which accepted students who had only a high school education. We are told, however, that the virtue of Sullivan's lack of education was that he "did not absorb the set attitudes, subtle prejudices, and conforming ideas which a standard education often instills." The author also emphasizes Sullivan's painful evolution toward an emotional and intellectual maturity achieved late in life. In consequence we are impressed with the element of common sense or difficult personal experience reflected in Sullivan's thought—and with the absence of a systematic tendency in his writings, many of which he repudiated in later years. Indeed, it was typical, perhaps, of the developmental character of his thinking that he consistently expressed misgivings about the publication of his ideas.

His most significant work in psychiatry appears to have been methodological and to concern the psychiatric interview. The phrase "interpersonal relations"—his trademark—arose partly from his own personality problems, which "dogged him all his life": homosexuality, the influence of a domineering, somewhat grandiose mother and of a socially inept and unsuccessful father, as well as the stigmata of extreme poverty and early social rejection.

Sullivan explicitly invokes Heisenberg's uncertainty principle in advancing the basic concept of the therapist as a "participant observer." The point is that a person observing a patient always alters the patient's behavior and emotional reactions by forming the relation with him that makes observation possible, eliciting his early traumas in the form of "parataxic distortions," occasions on which the patient reacts to the therapist as though he were someone else from the patient's past. Indeed, the work of diagnosis and of therapy lies entirely within such relationships, which comprise the substance of personality, including one's "anxieties."

It was rumored, and Sullivan supposedly said, that his sensitivity to the problems of schizophrenia was a result of his having suffered an episode of that disorder in adolescence. In any event, his concept of interpersonal relations is clearly one of a developmental process or interaction to which two or more participants contribute. Indeed, during his seven and a half years at Sheppard Pratt Hospital in Baltimore, beginning in 1923, Sullivan became a nationally known psychiatrist because of his studies of schizophrenia and his innovations in treating it. One of his objectives there was to establish relationships of a therapeutic nature among the patients themselves, together with the personnel who were in constant attendance.

Sullivan's rejection of the prevalent European schools of psychiatry led to his postulating, possibly by inadvertence, a characteristic American "metaphysics." That is, his final position, an ontology of experience, growth and indeterminancy, is not very remote from that of John Dewey. (Characteristically American, too, is the essentially democratic idea of "consensual validation" or social approval as a form of treatment.) No doubt this explains his preoccupation with "anxiety," which he equated with every type of functional difficulty, even, at one point, with schizophrenia. In addition, of course, there is Dewey's pronounced social and cultural emphasis, of which an obvious echo can be found in Sullivan. (The fact that ours is an "age of anxiety" is shown by the many parallel doctrines and schools of thought that are tacit symbols of anxiety.)

This suggests another point of ideological and moral interest: Sullivan defines the self as it occurs in states of intense anxiety or panic as the "not-me," the idea being that the self, so far as it performs effectively and "dynamically," is sociable and benign. This is in fact Sullivan's point of view, especially when he postulates an innate tendency

Martin Lebowitz's reviews and essays have appeared in The Journal of Philosophy, Kenyon Review, The Nation *and other periodicals. He lives in Scottsdale, Ariz.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward health which, on balance, surpasses the individual's susceptibility to illness.

Sullivan's profound methodological concern is obviously positivistic. Also, he frequently uses the empiricist terminology of "operationism." But the crucial aspect of any psychology is its attitude toward motivation: scarcely inconsistent with Sullivan's developmentalism, positivism and indeterminacy is the fact that he apparently accepted a sort of contextual theory of motivation; for indeed there are as many human motives as there are motivating situations. The quality of each is unique.

A word must be said in praise of this volume. Its clarity, cogency and eloquence tend to support the opinion herein expressed that Sullivan "almost secretly" dominates American psychiatry. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

One of the delicious aspects of mime is that it takes a long time to say little. A typical mimed conversation goes like this: "I see." "You see?" "Yes." "What do you see?" "I see that over there." "You don't say." "Yes, I do say." Whereupon a pointed finger leads us "over there."

This conversation takes place somewhere in the first scene of *The Guards of Amager*, a Bournonville ballet presented by the Royal Danish Ballet at the tail end of their Metropolitan Opera season. Logically speaking, this build-up should mark the entrance of a Princess Aurora. Does this mime harken the entrance of the guards, then? Perhaps, but more likely the entrance of the soup tureen, which is carried across the entire length of the stage by a bouncy tea cozy of a woman. And yet it could plausibly refer to the wallpaper's pink roses. *The Guards of Amager* is that kind of ballet, with that kind of hierarchical scheme. Its tempo and content are like an ideal country weekend, when, with nothing to do and no place to go, one may dwell on the minutiae of one's surroundings, ponder which plates would be most appropriate for lunch, which for luncheon. And of course, the deeper one thinks about such matters, the quicker time flies. That it is difficult to remember where all the conversations fit is some measure of this scene's loveliness. Like a fine country holiday, an event in Bournonville's parlor defies reconstruction and time is unaccountably spent.

The Guards of Amager runs fifty minutes. The second half is easily accounted for: people dance. In the first half nothing happens—that is, assorted character types enter, make motions with their hands, bend their bodies a little this way and that way, walk quickly or not so quickly, gaze into space, eat, play the piano, flirt, play cards, remove their cloaks, exit. At one point the guards arrive with derring-do, but stay just long enough to send a yokel farmer into shy raptures of admiration. The eventfulness of their arrival is discordant, until one realizes that Bournonville brought them on only so that the farmer's reaction could be registered. This is the kind of event that consumes twenty-five minutes, and this time span was more fleet than any other during the Danish season. Unlike any other ballet performed in this country—with the exception of the party scene in Balanchine's *The Nutcracker*—time is unaccountable. It just rolls by as a jumble of domestic trivia, and it is sheer heaven.

Created in 1871, toward the end of Bournonville's career, *The Guards of Amager* presents to American audiences a lesser known aspect of this choreographer's work and a totally foreign style of theatre. In its relative absence of dance and in the way it pads about the stage, the ballet is at complete odds with our Balanchine-formed taste—although Balanchine occasionally relishes *mise en scène*—and is almost at complete odds with the Russian classics. *Swan Lake*, *Giselle* and the others find much of their strength in important librettos; *The Guards of Amager* is consciously lightweight. The Russian works present mime scenes, to be sure, but as recitatives. There are no arias in the first scene of *The Guards*; hence, no recitatives.

The second scene bears a kinship to the Russian formula of last-act divertissement in that it is a string of dances, ranging from folk to a classical *pas de trois*, served up under the pretext of festive occasion, a carnival. Yet to call Bournonville and Petipa blood relatives is to overlook the modesty of Bournonville's classical ballet as compared to Petipa's deliberate exploitation of bravura; to ignore the consciously folk quality of Bournonville's folk dances, as opposed to Petipa's glamorization of them; and to dismiss the differing tonal intentions of all the dances. Russian divertissements function as a contrasting release from the constrictions of narrative; they get the ballet down to business. The dances in *The Guards* are a continuation of the first scene, in several ways. Although the medium of expression changes from mime to dance, one perceives the most basic change less in terms of movement style than of place and behavior. The characters we saw inside we now see outside. Whereas we saw them intimately in the first scene, we now see them behaving in a public forum, the bumpkins' ways transmuted into rustic formality, the urbanites' ways into citified formality. The folk element lives not only in the steps but in their presentation. As the dancers go through their paces with charming and somehow dignified deliberateness, one realizes that they have gone through this routine a thousand times. While the steps might interest the audience for their novelty, they enchant the participants through familiarity. Finally, our grasp of their contentment with the tried and true is infinitely more interesting than a folk dance could ever be in itself. The national dances of Russian ballet never show us folk dances through the eyes of the folk. They are conceived as novel diversions by urbanites for urbanites, and like all self-styled novelty acts can never be novel enough. They are holding actions for the classical *pas*. The inclusion of ballet proper in Bournonville's second scene does not relegate the folk stuff to second-class citizenship. It is of a different class, and the difference may

NEW
MOISTURE
ACTIVE
FOOT CARE
TREATMENT
MASSAGING
THERAPY Softens
Miserable ?
FREE FEET
Stops
RELAXES-"FOOT MISERY"
AMAZING FOOTCARE THERAPY
TREATMENT LOTION
One bottle eliminates using dangerous razor blades, knives, sandpaper discs, pumice stones, gadgets, harmful Salicylic Acid corn patches, callous pads, acid creams, lotions, salves, powders and sticks. Moisture activates away corns, callouses, soreness in bunions, ingrown nails, burning, tired, aching flakey skin, cracked heels. Stops odor, fungus, sweatiness. Wear any new shoe style. 4 fl. oz.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
Send $3.98 in check or money order (No C.O.D.'s) to DR. INGRAM'S FREE FEET, P.O. Box 3310, San Bernardino, California 92413.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be viewed as a continuation of a central theme in the first scene, where nuances of gesture, stance and reaction indicate the differences between country (the people of the island Amager) and city (the volunteer troops stationed there and the wife and fiancées who come to visit them). It may also be noted that when the soldier who has been dallying with peasant girls embarks on a flirtation with a masked ballerina (who, unknown to him, is his wife teaching him a lesson), he is affirming his natural affinity to his class as well as to his wife.

Is this too fanciful a treatment of such a simple ballet as *The Guards of Amager*? Very likely. But I think it explains why Scene 1 is not a prelude to Scene 2, and why Scene 2 is not more interesting than Scene 1. It may also help to account for the rare unity Bournonville achieves between a directed first scene and a choreographed second scene. Unity of style is not to my mind the great virtue many critics hold it to be; indeed, it is in the interests of unity —modernity, realism, etc.—that so much bad dance pervades the MacMillan, Cranko and Neumeier productions. Bournonville has it both ways. His dances are free of obsequious gestures toward meaningful dramatic content and, for what it's worth, sit comfortably beside mime. While modern-day choreographers find themselves in an impossible bind, drawn to 19th-century forms while detesting or fearing 19th-century conventions, Bournonville is delighted to exploit those conventions to the hilt.

Much as I enjoyed the second scene, it was the first that drew me back for a return visit, both for the virtuosity of its staging and the pleasure (and relief) of witnessing the Royal Danish in its single triumph of an otherwise unfortunate season. The scene is a perfect meeting ground for creator and performers. It hinges on a variety of stock character types, which the Danes have got down pat; delicately timed and accented gesture, and a flexible use of stage space—as flexible actually as Merce Cunningham's theatre. At certain moments the action is directed so as to appear nondirected; the dancer has the formidable task of wandering from here to there, rather than from point A to point B, but winding up "there" at precisely the right second. At other moments the action is self-consciously contrived, as when the children encircle a cookie jar that is deposited in the emphatic center of the stage, or when two bachelors and their sweethearts mime a squabble in exact accord with musical meter. The interplay and byplay between naturalism and artificiality gives this dumb show the tension it needs in lieu of dance or narrative pull, and it provides a superstructure of wit without which the ballet might well smother in its own feathers. Without stylistically nimble performers, the whole thing would sink at once. The Danes are master gaugers of stress and accent. They know how to take their time; they understand the difference between conversational and declarative gesture; they can modulate the emphasis of their gestures according to their place on the stage. Although they barely register beyond the first few rows of the orchestra when they dance, their mimed gestures fill an enormous opera house, using no more energy and no less refinement than actors summon to fill an Off-Broadway theatre. This feat was brilliantly demonstrated in the last moments of the ballet, when the masked ballerina reveals her true identity to her philandering husband. Upon realizing that he has been flirting with his wife, Henning Kronstam simply gazes at her, looks at the audience with bemused humility in modulated delayed-action tempo, drops his head slightly, and turns toward his wife. He is both sad and glad, both proud of and embarrassed by his embarrassment. Meanwhile, Vivi Flindt is standing absolutely still, but in the strained stretch of her neck we see all the hope she has put into the ruse and all the uncertainty she experiences for its outcome. Not able to bear the suspense of her husband's reaction any more, she looks down. At precisely that moment, he mimes his devotion to her with a simplicity and weight of gesture new to the ballet. She catches only the end of his "speech," but evidently she senses the import of his dynamics, for we can see her neck and shoulders relax a trifle. In a flash, they embrace. In a flash, this noneventful wisp of a ballet attains a speck of truth most heavyweight contenders never graze. □

NEEDLEPOINT

1.

Midnight,
my great-grandmother, Anna,
making rounds from house to house,

walking the back country roads
of Iowa; magician, mid-wife, nurse.
And I watch her enter one large room,

the water on the stove, the steam,
rising, parting like a pair of legs,
the skin circling a wound. She holds

her daughter, and hers, by the heels,
the same disease winding through them,
the birth stains still on the bed.

She waves a needle in the air, a wand.
And stepping out again, she drags
a cauldron to the middle of the lawn

and marks the house with an X.
She stops. She strips by the gate,
boiling her dress after each new death.

2.

When I was ten I found that dress
in the attic and wore it for Halloween.
I rode through the town on a broom,

Anna's arms, her hips matching mine,
her skirt gathered at my waist,
the neck twisted, tied in a knot.

At fifteen, I buried her daughter,
marking the place with a cross.
I remember the grave opening, closing,

the sun swaying in the sky, hanging
by a single thread. At twenty,
I buried her daughter. The priest

stood on the same spot, the ground
receiving his blessing, the canopy
flying over the same scene, the roses,

the acolytes in white holding the censer,
the incense rising like steam, falling
over my head like a piece of black cloth.

Mary Swander

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

"The Golden Door: Artist-Immigrants of America, 1876-1976," at the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington, D.C., is an exhibition that reminds one at length of the foreignness of American artists. A couple of hundred works are on view (until October 20), selected on the basis of origins. Going around, the viewer is continually stopped by landmark works of American art. These include: Joseph Stella's "Battle of Lights, Coney Island," Gaston Lachaise's and Willem de Kooning's women, Ben Shahn's Sacco and Vanzetti, Tanguy's gristly biomorphs, Beckmann's triptychs, Lindner's fetishism. The show is divided into three sections, according to the history of U.S. immigration: (*1*) 1876-1929, the years of massive arrivals; (*2*) 1930-45, a period of restricted immigration, but very strong nonetheless on artist refugees from Hitler, and (*3*) 1946 to date, a period of reduced intake.

The exhibition and catalogue by Cynthia Jaffee McCabe made me aware, in a way that I had not been, of the extent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the European contribution to American art. For example, Max Weber, Oscar Blummer and Abraham Walkowitz arrived here in 1891, 1892 and 1893 respectively, the first and third from Russia, the second from Germany. Their heavy-handed but earnest stylization, like that of the better-known Stella who arrived in 1896 from Italy, makes a resolute statement. In 1906 Gaston Lachaise, Louis Lozowick, Yasuo Kuniyoshi and Ben Shahn all arrived from, respectively, France, Russia, Japan and Lithuania. They are diverse stylistically but constitute a recognizable unit in the history of early American modernism. Another significant grouping is that of Arshile Gorky, John Graham and de Kooning (the first two from Turkey and Russia in 1920; the last from Holland in 1926). Together they formed in their early work a group with stylistic links: Gorky's classic "Artist and his Mother," Graham's "Two Sisters," and de Kooning's "Queen of Hearts," with their formal poses coming unstuck under the pressure of a distrait humanity, share a family likeness. Hans Hofmann arrived here in 1932, aged 52, and Josef Albers in the following year, aged 45. Both were driven west by Hitler and are part of the highly successful transplantation of modernist pedagogy into American art and education.

The section of "The Golden Door" on Mondrian shows the method of selection at its best. He responded to both the dynamism and the peace of New York City (he came from wartime London). His style changed: his colors brightened and his compositions became livelier. Thus we can see the effect of America on a European-based art. Such precision is missing in many cases: Hofmann, for instance, is represented by paintings of 1957 (a quarter of a century after his arrival) and later. The theme of the show leads one to expect a demonstration of the tensions between the impact of the new world and the heritage of the old. Hofmann's color has always looked rather Bavarian to me, like Kandinsky's, and one would have liked to see works done closer to his arrival which might help determine if his palette is carried over from Europe or if the light of California, which he visited twice before immigrating, made a difference. Too often the show settles for representative examples of the mature style of well-known painters. Thus the message of the show becomes something like this: American culture is congratulated for having nourished all these artists and in the process the persistence of European traits is dissolved. In a sense McCabe's exhibition affirms the melting-pot theory of culture rather than that of continuing ethnic identity.

Donor countries are not evenly distributed: thirteen artists from Russia, eleven from Germany, seven from Austria-Hungary, almost half the show in fact. These are the artists who must have encountered the worst language problems, the most difficult adjustment to an urbanized milieu, and in some cases the strongest nostalgias for home. McCabe has a sharp sense of this because she worked, ten years ago, on "The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life 1870-1924" at the Jewish Museum. The immigrants from Germany and points east are those for whom the impact of change was greatest and whose contribution to American art has been largest.

There is a problem that McCabe does not face, though she mentions it once. As an immigrant myself I am keenly aware of it. The catalogue says: "It is obvious that de Kooning feels strongly about his country, but that he maintains a sense of humor too: "It's not so much that I'm an American: I'm a New Yorker.' " I don't think this is a joke. Would de Kooning have jumped ship in 1926 if there had only been Mobile, San Francisco and Philadelphia to go to? Immigrants, both voluntary and involuntary, gravitate to New York. This fact is not palatable to many Americans. As McCabe points out in the early 20th century the "sense of an international community" that existed in New York was derived from Paris. That is to say, the focus was urban rather than continental. The folklore of the city and that of the frontier are distinct and it was unquestionably the former that attracted artists from abroad. It was only later, when the metropolitan culture of New York was firmly established, that the frontier became a topic for artists, first in the American scene painters of the 1930s and then, in a quirky way, in the theory of "Action Painting," in which American *avant-gardistes* were pictured as coonskinners.

There is further support for the centrality of New York in the number of native Americans who were not born in the city but who have adopted it. The move from Europe westward was more than matched by Americans moving east. Among the Abstract Expressionists only Adolph Gottlieb and Barnett Newman were born in the city. Of the Pop artists only one, Roy Lichtenstein, was born there: except for one Swede, the others are from the Midwest, the South, and the Southwest. Hence many of the American artists that the immigrants knew were fresh to Manhattan, too, suggesting a psychological affinity beyond that of professional interest.

Louise Nevelson, born in Russia, and Claes Oldenburg, born in Sweden, are not represented in the show. Why not? Their absence is conspicuous enough to require explanation. Russian-born Alexander Liberman is an odd omission from the 1930-45 arrivals. Of course the recent arrivals are likely to be a contentious area, but still, why put in Willem de Looper and not Otto Piene? German-born Cambridge-resident Piene is missed, whereas de Looper, a Dutch artist with Washington connections, has obviously been dragged in for local reasons. If I raise these details it is because the issue raised by the exhibition is serious; certainly the catalogue will stand for a long time as an indispensable work of reference. □

THEATRE

HENRY POPKIN

West Berlin

Samuel Beckett's production of *Waiting for Godot* is now in its second year at the Schiller Theatre in West Berlin. It has been sent abroad briefly, to play guest engagements in Zurich, Paris and London. (The London visit was apparently intended as a prelude to Beckett's production of his new play *Footfalls* at the National Theatre.) Its reception seems to have been uniformly enthusiastic: playgoers at the Schiller's other offerings now get fliers quoting six of London's drama critics on the virtues of Beckett's German *Godot*.

Why has no American entrepreneur managed to borrow the Schiller's five actors and their simple set for at least a few weeks? An American visit could make sense, even if it were to occur after the West Berlin season came to an end. Audiences who know *Waiting for Godot* in English would find it easy to follow in Beckett's own German translation. So why has it not come to the Brooklyn Academy of Music, if not to Lincoln Center? The trouble is that, in America, the success of the Schiller's *Godot* has been a well-kept secret. I know of only one American account of this production, an unfavorable notice in the Sunday *New York Times* which provided sure documentation of its own unreliability by reporting Beckett's arrival for rehearsals in the spring (for a production that opened March 8, 1975!), referring to Beckett's having "had little directing experience" (when *Godot* is the fourth of his warmly

Henry Popkin frequently writes on the theatre.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

praised West German productions), comparing this *Godot* unfavorably with the staging of the "most recent work" of F.X. Kroetz (a "monodrama," two years old and no longer the "most recent," by a social dramatist who has virtually nothing in common with the nonpolitical Beckett—and why compare a pantomime monodrama with Beckett's eloquent play?) and then omitting the name of the rival director who was so much better than Beckett.

The *Godot* of which we have been deprived is the result of a love affair which Beckett has been conducting with the Schiller for ten years. In 1965, he helped direct an earlier *Godot* and then returned at regular intervals to stage *Endgame*, *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Happy Days*. The first *Godot* and two of the others were invited to the all-German theatre festivals of their years, thereby establishing Beckett as one of the most admired directors in Germany. The new *Godot* uses the same two tramps of ten years before (but reverses their roles); and the same actor again plays Lucky.

Has Beckett somehow explained *Godot*? The question is inevitable, but everyone should know the answer—of course not. *Godot* is not that kind of play, and Beckett would be the last man on earth to pretend it is. This production will add no data to the controversy over such matters as Godot's identity, the possibility that he might come, the reason for the two tramps' dogged waiting, and the significance of Pozzo and Lucky, the master and slave who stop to visit with them.

Beckett has provided something better than explanation. With clarity and precision, he has, paradoxically, made the action and the characters both more human and more symmetrical. Making them human is the real achievement. Just reading the play, one runs the risk of seeing only abstraction and inventing arbitrary rules for the characters' behavior. Years ago, I saw a Paris *Godot* that fed this appetite for abstraction; the tramps were neat little clown figures who behaved like automatons. In Berlin, I was particularly taken with the humanizing of Vladimir, perhaps because my first *Godot* was the one in which Bert Lahr pulled out all the comic stops, playing an antic Estragon opposite E.G. Marshall's subdued Vladimir. After Berlin, however, I am ready to swear that this is basically a play about a tramp named Vladimir who has some curious experiences.

Stefan Wigger's arresting Vladimir is a dreamer whose poached-egg eyes have the fixed glance of a haunted visionary or of the silent-film comedian, Harry Langdon. He is a walking compendium of comic mannerisms, with his knees drawn together, his feet pointing out, his shoulders hunched (the left slightly higher than the right), and his enormous hands expressively extended—and yet his seriousness compels the serious attention of an audience. This Vladimir is rightly the leader, more mindful of the need to wait for Godot, more loyal to his friend, more pleased when the barren tree flowers. He is Don Quixote to the Sancho Panza of Horst Bollmann's Estragon.

Estragon is simple and practical. When he assents to Vladimir's constant reminder that they cannot leave because they are waiting for Godot, he conveys only weary resignation, not the inane mockery that was so memorable in Lahr. Unlike Lahr, he does not make jokes; jokes are thrust upon him, and he wishes they would go away. Still, he is capable of some variety, especially in his exchanges with Vladimir, who has a humanizing effect upon him. They get a lot of body English into the bout of mutual abuse that ends "Curate! . . . Cretin! . . . *Crritic!*" And yet, a moment later, they are waltzing together. When Lucky begins his long and difficult monologue, both tramps show some initial curiosity, become increasingly attentive during the references to sports, and then lose interest as, not surprisingly, they lose track of what he is saying.

It is hard to believe that, in 1965, Wigger played Estragon and Bollmann was Vladimir. A skinny Sancho Panza? A fat Don Quixote? Never! Or perhaps it is the authority of the present production that impels me to reject the earlier casting.

Carl Raddatz clearly demonstrates that Pozzo can be profoundly sinister without possessing the physical bulk of many who have played the role. His insistent air of superiority and his calculated smirk do most of the job for him. Klaus Herm's round-faced, unassertive Lucky claims no emotion but pity, until he suddenly captures the stage with his homely dance and incantatory monologue. (Lucky has a big shock of white hair, but it does not fall to his shoulders. Pozzo, instead of being bald, has a single tuft of hair. In these small details, and in very few others, Beckett departs from his own stage directions.) Torsten Sense as the Boy who at once heralds and postpones Godot's coming is direct and modest, quite modish in his casual shirt and pants, in contrast with the more traditionally dressed adults.

Making the play's humanity unmistakable is Beckett's greatest accomplishment as a director, but he also invents symmetrical patterns to bind his characters together. Although the tramps' clothes are more ragged, dirty, and lived-in than the trim suits I have seen them wear on some stages, their outfits nevertheless match. Estragon wears a striped gray jacket and solid black trousers; Vladimir has a solid black jacket with striped gray trousers. Pozzo and Lucky are less ostentatiously matched in checks and varying shades of brown. The two tramps are continually forming little stage pictures, with the smaller Estragon always in front for greater visibility. They always keep perfectly in step as they walk across the stage. The rehearsal notes in the program show that Beckett carefully plotted every move his actors make. Typically, Lucky's speech and the tramps' reactions to it are carefully orchestrated, and Lucky is instructed to reach a "cadenza" when he calls the earth "an abode of stones."

Matias, who came from Paris with Beckett to design *Godot*, has created a large, useful open area before a gray sky that is dark at the horizon but becomes lighter as it mounts upward. His set confirms the impression of absolute precision in every detail of this production. □

RECORDS

FREE! AMERICA'S LARGEST CLASSICAL CATALOG. *Over 2,000 New Stereo Recordings.* Renaissance, Medieval, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Highest quality! Budget Label prices! Available only by mail. **MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932NA, New York, N.Y. 10023.**

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHERS—ADMINISTRATORS. Current school, college openings list in U.S. $5.95. Abroad $5.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95. Foreign $4.95. **ENIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.**

SERVICES

HOW TO WRITE CLEARLY for daily needs via individualized critiques: resumés, reports, articles, fiction, advertising, term papers. Introductory brochure, 50¢. **THE MAIL MALL, Box 245-J, Long Beach, N.Y. 11561.**

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS—the national dating service for the intelligentsia of all ages. **Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.**

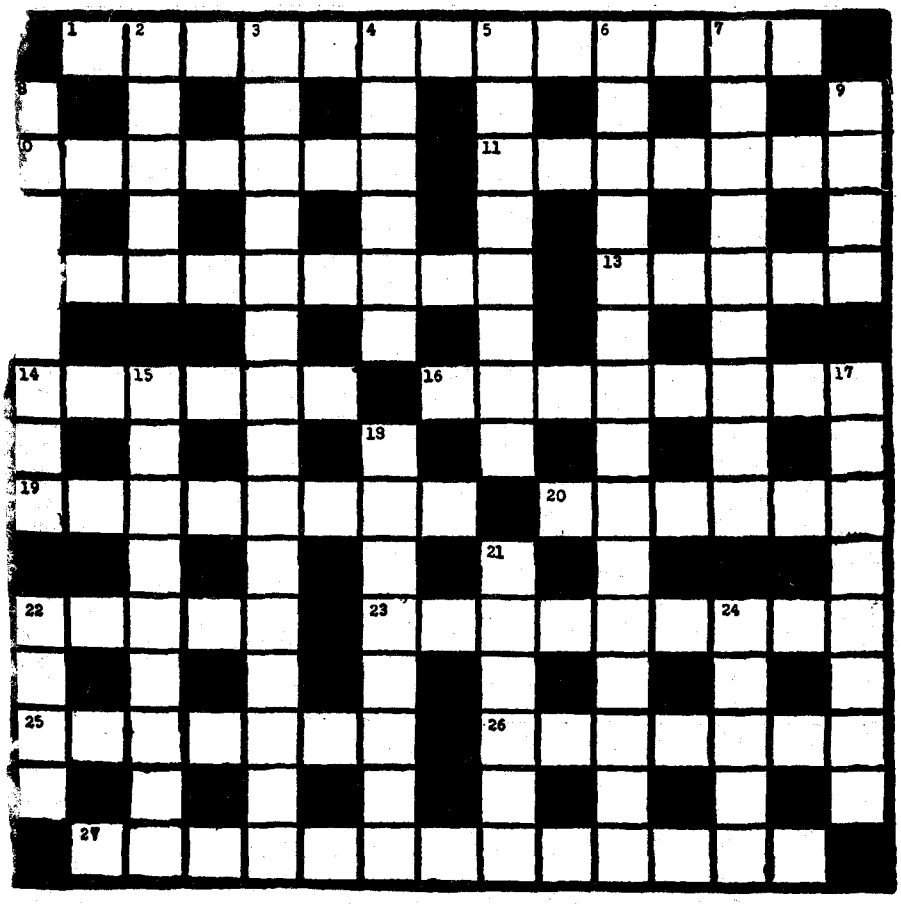
TURKEY: The unrepentant perpetrator of the First Genocide of the 20th century. **M.D.B. (A survivor).**

LEGALIZE ABORTION throughout Eurasia, the densely populated landmass. **Box 697, c/o The Nation.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1638

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 One looking for a high-stakes affair, or one trying to get ahead, as you might hear. (3-4,6)
10 Heaps of things might be found under piers and such. (7)
11 A wicked thing to do with part of the bird's beak, to be frank. (7)
12 Make a wavy motion and tear around it—it'll be coming up again. (9)
13 What might be played by heart, for example? (5)
14 Perhaps till such things make an African or Middle East type to the French. (6)
16 Little pieces bring points that might stick back to the favorites. (8)
19 One probably isn't in position to be paid this way. (8)
20 The time allowed for payment of foreign bills can use some adjustment. (6)
22 The posture of a clown. (5)
23 Shows a decent leg, in a way, but people don't care for such things. (9)
25 Article placed on a carriage shaft designed by workers in residence here? (3-4)
26 One whose notes don't ring true—however one expresses himself. (7)
27 Confession not obtained under duress, traditionally obtained by Annie Oakley. (4,9)

DOWN

2 Wight? Man? Is the French version typical? (5)
3 The normal procedure some doctors pursue. (7,8)
4 Certainly doesn't strike little girls! (6)
5 Possibly the saint of the irresolute. (8)
6 A sergeant, for example, starts out crazy, and stops me in the end, somehow. (3,6,6)
7 It isn't just that such things never ripen! (9)
8 How one might come up with a very quiet unwelcome visitor to one's kitchen, if not careful. (8)
9 Martin or Swift, so-called. (4)
15 His notes are more acceptable than those of 26. (9)
17 Their rates are possibly excessive. (8)
18 Western leader on a stretch of ice was first to be showing signs of age. (8)
21 Animal with traditional signs of high living in first-class condition. (6)
22 A manner possibly quite distant. (4)
24 Trunk with twisted roots. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1637

ACROSS: 1 and 20 Stream-lined; 5 and 25 Landing craft; 10 Unusually; 11 Water; 12 Titanic; 13 Reagent; 14 Radix; 16 On the wane; 18 Gift horse; 22 Lanyard; 24 Entices; 26 Iceni; 27 Procreate; 28 Monarch; 29 Genets. DOWN: 2 and 9 Trust buster; 3 Equinox; 4 Male choir; 5 Layer; 6 Newgate; 7 In the main; 8 Garotte; 15 and 23 Defense in depth; 17 Theme song; 18 Gallium; 19 Heavier; 20 Lateran; 21 Dashed.

classified

ADVERTISING RATES

Classified: $1.48/line (6 words), 3-line min.
Classified Display: $14.84 per inch (min.)
The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. 10014
(212) 242-8400

RESORTS

VACATION NOW

ESCAPE to this lovely 200-acre "Hide-away." A "Shangri-la" setting in a friendly, informal atmosphere. Season's Sports, Superb Jewish-American Food. Deluxe accomd . . . everything to help you "get away from it all."

VINEYARD LODGE **IDEAL ADULT RESORT**
Free Booklet
Ulster Park 7, N. Y. 12487 (914) 338-1240

PUBLICATIONS

POEMS WANTED

The **NEW YORK SOCIETY OF POETS** is compiling a book of poems. If you have written a poem and would like our selection committee to consider it for publication, send your poem and a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

NEW YORK SOCIETY OF POETS
P.O. Box 727, Radio Station
New York, N. Y. 10019

JOHN BERESFORD HATCH'S IN DEFENSE OF THE DAMNED. UNABRIDGED. Nothing like ever in the entire history of Anglo-American law and jurisprudence. Beamed for law students, to the judiciary and the layman interested in the Salem witchcraft trials. Since the days of Disraeli, Pitt and Sir Winston Churchill. *** Exoneration for Massachusetts 17th century witches, is now a legal case second to none. $10 autographed. **John Beresford Hatch, P.O. Box 452, Salem, Massachusetts 01970.**

50% PRE-PUBLICATION DISCOUNT! PROSPECTS FOR SOCIALISM IN AMERICA, 267 page book by leaders of the Socialist Workers Party, analyzes U.S. politics and offers proposals for action against racism, sexism, and economic exploitation. Now $1.50 paper, $6 cloth. **Pathfinder Press, 410 West St., N.Y. 10014.**

'TECHNOCRACY—Technological Social Design' available for one dollar from **Technocracy, Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.**

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES

By Frank Lewis

Unique collection of wit-warpers of Books 1, 2 and 3. Send $4.25 (postage prepaid) to:

E. S. LEWIS
642 Elm Street
New Haven, Conn. 06511

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives **MARXIST** viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial subscription, $1.00. **GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011. (Full year $12.50.)**

Notice

Do notice how you feel about The Nation. *Wouldn't you like to spread the word by giving a gift subscription to a friend?*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

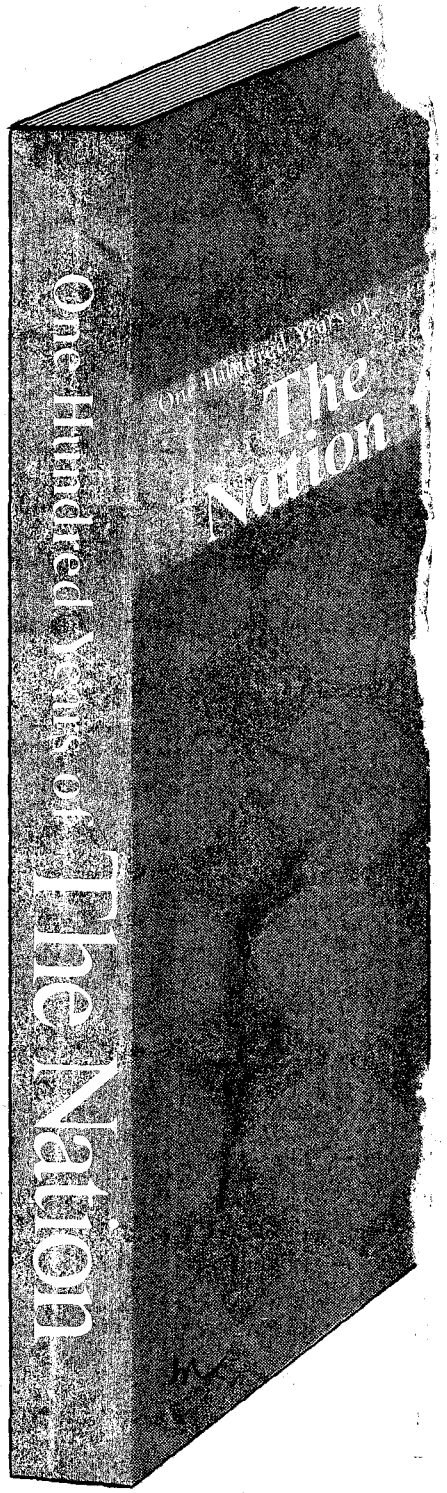
This unusual book is yours free . . .

378 pages of articles and poetry by outstanding writers and thinkers just as they appeared in **The Nation**, *America's oldest weekly. It's yours free when you give a gift subscription or take one for yourself.*

Did you know Leon Trotsky

had a by-line in **The Nation**? *And so did the authors listed below. The book contains works by 75 famous contributors to* **The Nation**. *Subscribe today and each week enjoy the constantly growing list of provocative and venturesome writers, reviewers, and social analysts.*

by William Butler Yeats
by John Dos Passos
by Henry James
by Sinclair Lewis
by Sherwood Anderson
by Andre Malraux
by Thomas Mann
by Edmund Wilson
by Robert Frost
by Chaim Weizmann



Please enter a subscription to **The Nation** as checked below for:
☐ 1 year (47 issues) $17.50 ☐ 2 years (94 issues) $30.00
Payment must accompany order for free book offer.

Name (please print) _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____
Send free anthology, *One Hundred Years of The Nation*, to: ☐ above ☐ below
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014 42676

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED